THE VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN POPANILLA.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

"Travellers ne'er did lie, tho' fools at home condemn 'em."

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TO

ROBERT WARD, ESQ.,

&c. &c. &c.

OF CHESHAM WOBURN HALL, IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE INSCRIBED BY ONE,

WHO ADMIRES HIS TALENTS, AND

ESTEEMS HIS FRIENDSHIP.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This Narrative of the Voyage of Captain Popanilla is drawn up from a volume once in the possession of my esteemed friend, the late Professor Dunkel, of Heidelburg, and given to him by a Russian gentleman, who purchased it of an Armenian at Teflis.

The manuscript is in modern Greek. I offer this as a very free translation. In preparing it for the English reader, I have introduced many expressions which an English reader only can comprehend; and I have not hesitated, in numerous instances, to substitute terms and titles peculiar to ourselves and our country, whenever I thought that they would render the narrative

more clear and simple, and were justified by equivalent expressions in the original. I ought, however, to confess, that all this was done, and the whole Translation executed under the idea that that original was of course a fiction; but I have since discovered, with no slight dismay, that the learned Dunkel was of a different opinion. He has left a dissertation upon the probable locality of Vraibleusia, and is inclined to believe the Indian Isle to be the Taprobane of the Ancients.

THE VOYAGE

OF

CAPTAIN POPANILLA.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is an Island in the Indian Ocean, so unfortunate as not yet to have been visited either by Discovery Ships or Bible Societies. Nature, however, who, as philosophers daily prove, often behaves in a very unnatural manner, has not evinced by her conduct a due sense of the ignorance and irreligion of this place; but, on the contrary, has lavished on it blessings not enjoyed by countries far more chemical and christian.

If I had possessed that profound historical knowledge which is so essentially necessary to writers of fiction, I would have commenced this tale with a dissertation on the dynasty and doctrines of Buddha. If I had been gifted with that statistical head for which our high priests of Fancy are so justly celebrated, I might perhaps have compensated for the uninteresting character of my hero, by giving a minute account of the natural and artificial objects of the countries in which he ought to be interesting. But all this is above me. I can imitate the inventors of the present day only in one particular—all that I write is fact.

The description of my island has cost me six months of constant composition, and each day it has grown more misty. I have consulted public libraries, and I have exhausted private collections. I have authorities for every circumstance, and every creature; my geography is most chorographically correct, my botany most generically minute, my mineralogy indisputable,

my geology undisputed; not less profound, and not less accurate, are my zoology, my ornithology, and my icthyology. Yet, with all my longitudes, and latitudes; all my shrubs, and trees, and flowers, and forests; all my precious stones, and all my primitive formations; all my beasts, and all my birds, and all my fishes; my Indian Isle is about as intelligible as a man who has accepted office without his party.

Our national phrase maintains, that it is easier to imagine than to describe. The antiquity of this axiom, like the antiquity of many other things, must be, with all candid and discerning minds, indisputable evidence of its truth; otherwise, were one to judge from our modern romances, one might be tempted to suspect that this aphorism should be reversed. This, as it may be; my Island must be left to the fancy of my readers. It is a place where all those things are constantly found which men most desire to see, and with the sight of which they are seldom favoured. It abounds in

flowers, and fruit, and sunshine. Lofty mountains, covered with green and mighty forests, except where the red rocks catch the fierce beams of the blazing sun, bowery valleys, broad lakes, gigantic trees, and gushing rivers bursting from rocky gorges, are crowned with a purple and ever cloudless sky. Summer, in its most unctuous state and most mellow majesty, is here perpetual. So intense and overpowering, in the daytime, is the rich union of heat and perfume, that living animal or creature is never visible; and were you and I to pluck, before sunset, the huge fruit from yonder teeming tree, we might fancy ourselves for the moment the future sinners of another Eden. Yet a solitude it is not.

The Island is surrounded by a calm and blue lagoon, formed by a ridge of coral rocks, which break the swell of the ocean, and prevent the noxious spray from banishing the rich shrubs which grow even to the water's edge. It is a few minutes before sunset, that the first inti-

mation of animal existence in this seeming solitude is given, by the appearance of mermaids; who, floating on the rosy sea, congregate about these rocks. They sound a loud but melodious chorus from their sea-shells, and a faint and distant chorus soon answers from the Island. The mermaidens immediately repeat their salutations, and are greeted with a nearer and a louder answer. As the red and rayless sun drops into the glowing waters, the choruses simultaneously join; and rushing from the woods, and down the mountain steeps to the nearest shore, crowds of human beings, at the same moment, appear and collect.

The inhabitants of this island, in form and face, do not misbecome the clime and the country. With the vivacity of a Faun, the men combine the strength of a Hercules, and the beauty of an Adonis; and, as their more interesting companions flash upon his presence, the least classical of poets might be excused for imagining, that, like their blessed Goddess, the

women had magically sprung from the brilliant foam of that ocean, which is gradually subsiding before them.

But Sunset in this land is not the signal merely for the evidence of human existence. At the moment that the Islanders, crowned with flowers, and waving goblets and garlands, burst from their retreats, upon each mountain peak a lion starts forward, stretches his proud tail, and, bellowing to the sun, scours back exulting to his forest—immense bodies, which before would have been mistaken for the trunks of trees, now move into life; and serpents, untwining their green and glittering folds, and slowly bending their crested heads around, seem proudly conscious of a voluptuous existence—troops of monkeys leap from tree to tree—panthers start forward, and alarmed, not alarming, instantly vanish—a herd of milk-white elephants tramples over the back-ground of the scene; and instead of gloomy owls and noxious beetles, to hail the long enduring twilight, from the bell of

every opening flower, beautiful birds, radiant with every rainbow tint, rush with a long and living melody into the cool air.

The twilight in this Island is not that transient moment of unearthly bliss, which, in our less favoured regions, always leaves us so thoughtful and so sad; on the contrary, it lasts many hours, and consequently the Islanders are neither moody nor sorrowful. As they sleep during the day, four or five hours of "tipsy dance and revelry" are exercise, and not fatigue. At length, even in this delightful region, the rosy tint fades into purple, and the purple into blue—the white moon gleams, and at length glitters,—and the invisible stars first creep into light, and then blaze into radiancy. But no hateful dews discolour their loveliness; and so clear is the air, that instead of the false appearance of a studded vault, the celestial bodies may be seen floating in æther, at various distances and of various tints. Ere the showery fire-flies have ceased to shine, and the blue lights to play about the tremulous

horizon—amidst the voices of a thousand birds, the dancers solace themselves with the rarest fruits, the most delicate fish, and the most delicious wines: but flesh they love not. They are an innocent and a happy, though a voluptuous and ignorant race. They have no manufactures, no commerce, no agriculture, and no printing-presses: but for their slight clothing they wear the bright skins of serpents—for corn, Nature gives them the bread-fruit—and for intellectual amusement, they have a pregnant fancy and a ready wit—tell inexhaustible stories, and always laugh at each other's jokes. A natural instinct gave them the art of making wine; and it was the same benevolent Nature that blessed them also with a knowledge of the art of making love. But time flies even here. The lovely companions have danced, and sung, and banqueted, and laughed—what further bliss remains for man? They rise, and in pairs wander about the Island, and then to their bowers: their life ends with the Night they love so well; and ere

Day, the everlasting conqueror, wave his flaming standard in the luminous East, solitude and silence will again reign in the ISLE OF FANTAISIE.

CHAPTER II.

The last and loudest chorus had died away, and the Islanders were pouring forth their libation to their great enemy the Sun, when suddenly a vast obscurity spread over the glowing West. They looked at each other, and turned pale, and the wine from their trembling goblets fell useless on the shore. The women were too frightened to scream, and, for the first time in the Isle of Fantaisie, silence existed after sunset. They were encouraged when they observed that the darkness ceased at that point in the heavens which overlooked their coral rocks; and perceiving that their hitherto unsullied sky was pure, even at this

moment of otherwise universal gloom, the men regained their colour, touched the goblets with their lips, farther to reanimate themselves; and the women, now less discomposed, uttered loud shrieks.

Suddenly the wind roared with unaccustomed rage, the sea rose into large billows, and a ship was seen tossing in the offing. The Islanders, whose experience of navigation extended only to a slight paddling in their lagoon, in the half of a hollow trunk of a tree, for the purpose of fishing, mistook the tight little frigate for a great fish; and being now aware of the cause of this disturbance, and at the same time feeling confident that the monster could never make way through the shallow waters to the Island, they perfectly recovered their courage; and gazed upon the labouring leviathan with the same interested nonchalance, with which students at a modern lecture observe an expounding philosopher.

"What a shadow he casts over the sky!"

said the King, a young and rather effeminate man, whose divine right was never questioned by his female subjects. "What a commotion in the waters, and what a wind he snorts forth! It certainly must be the largest fish that exists. I remember my father telling me that a monstrous fish once got entangled among our rocks, and this part of the Island really smelt for a month; I cannot help fancying that there is a rather odd smell now—pah!"

A favourite Queen flew to the suffering monarch, and pressing her aromatic lips upon his offended nostrils, his Majesty recovered.

The unhappy crew of the frigate, who, with the aid of their telescopes, had detected the crowds upon the shore, now fired their signal guns of distress, which came sullenly booming through the wind.

"Oh! the great fish is speaking!" was the universal exclamation.

How very unenlightened! The Fantaisians, however, are not the first race who have mis-

taken a frigate for a fish; nor would they perhaps have failed in their inquiry, had they sought after a precedent for burning those pig-headed people, who maintain that an inanimate substance is not a living body.

"I begin to get frightened," said the favourite Queen. "I am sure the monster is coming here!" So saying, her Majesty grasped up a handful of pearls from the shore, to defend herself.

As screaming was now the fashion, all the women of course screamed; and animated by the example of their sovereign, and armed with the marine gems, the Amazons assumed a very imposing attitude. But the unusual exertion was too much for their nerves; and, in a few minutes, they flew to the arms of the men for safety and consolation.

There is not, perhaps, a sublimer sight in the world, than an island with a free constitution, under the fear of Invasion. So much public spirit! and so many public contracts!

Pity that a contrary wind should so often prevent the first being put to the test, and the second being put to an end! However, although the wind may blow north-east, no doubt the spectacle is a very magnificent one, and "quite refreshing,"* to every true lover of liberty, civil and religious—particularly if he be a builder of Martello towers. At the present crisis, when Fantaisie expected every man to do his duty, it is a gratifying and a proud task for the historian, to record that every man did it. How often, and in what manner each man distinguished himself, it would be tedious here to relate. All that I can say is, that the ladies were quite satisfied,—and in the Isle of Fantaisie, their approbation was of course a

* National phrase—unknown to Johnson, Hume, Gibbon, or any of the superseded writers; but, on the other hand, a great favourite with the periodical literature of Great Britain,—a literature, I may be excused for observing, the omniscience of which is demonstrated by the simple fact, that those who study it, never feel themselves under the necessity of studying any other.

much greater reward, than a collar or a cross. Even the very children were not inactive. The Crown Prince, a very energetic youth,—who, having occasionally caught a few gold and silver fish in the surrounding waters, was duly qualified for the office of Lord High Admiral—maintained his reputation for courage in an eminent degree; and when the stoutest seemed exhausted, continued his exertions with an ardour, which, had there been a Gazette in the Island, must certainly have been noticed.

Just at the moment that they had worked up their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and were actually desirous of dying for their country—the ship sunk; but with such a crash of thunder, and such a flash of lightning, that the whole of the patriotic Fantaisians—King, Queen, Crown Prince, and all—sunk upon their knees, and frightened, for the first time in their life, immediately declared Thunder and Lightning to be the established Religion of the Country.

CHAPTER III.

It is the flush of noon; and, strange to say, a human figure is seen wandering on the shore of the Isle of Fantaisie.

"One of the crew of the wrecked frigate of course? What an escape! Fortunate creature! interesting man! Probably the indefatigable Captain Parry,—possibly the undaunted Captain Franklin,—perhaps the adventurous Captain Lyon!"

No! sweet blue-eyed girl! my plots are not of that extremely guessable nature, so admired by your adorable sex. Indeed, this book is so constructed, that if you were even, according to custom, to commence its perusal by reading

the last page, you would not gain the slightest assistance in finding out "how the story ends."

The wanderer belongs to no frigate-building nation. He is a true Fantaisian; who having, in his fright, during yesterday's storm, lost the lock of hair which, in a moment of glorious favour, he had ravished from his fair mistress's brow, is now, after a night of sleepless agony, tracing every remembered haunt of yesterday, with the fond hope of regaining his most precious treasure. Ye Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, know full well the anxiety and exertion, the days of management, and the nights of meditation, which the rape of a lock requires, and you can consequently sympathize with the agitated feelings of the handsome and the hapless Popanilla.

The favourite of all the women, the envy of all the men, &c. &c. &c.—you know the rest,—Popanilla passed an extremely pleasant life. No one was a better judge of wine—no one had a better taste for fruit—no one danced with

more elegant vivacity—and no one whispered compliments in a more meaning tone. His stories ever had a point—his repartees were never ill-natured. What a pity that such an amiable fellow should have got into such a scrape!

In spite of his grief, however, Popanilla soon found that the ardency of his passion rather evaporated under a smoking sun; and utterly exhausted, he was about to return home from his fruitless search, when his attention was attracted by a singular appearance. He observed before him, on the shore, a square, and hitherto unseen form. He watched it for some minutes, but it was perfectly motionless. He drew nearer, and observed it with intense attention; but if it were a being, it certainly was fast asleep. He approached close to its side, but it neither moved nor breathed. He applied his nose to the mysterious body, and the elegant Fantaisian drew back immediately from a most villainous smell of pitch. Not to excite too

much, in this calm age, the reader's curiosity, let him know at once, that this strange substance was a sea-chest. Upon it was marked, in large black letters, S. D. K. No. 1.

For the first time in his life, Popanilla experienced a feeling of overwhelming curiosity. His fatigue, his loss, the scorching hour, and the possible danger, were all forgotten, in an indefinite feeling that the body possessed contents more interesting than its unpromising exterior, and in a resolute determination that the development of the mystery should be reserved only for himself.

Although he felt assured that he must be unseen, he could not refrain from throwing a rapid glance of anxiety around him. It was a moment of perfect stillness: the Island slept in sunshine, and even the waves had ceased to break over the opposing rocks. A thousand strange and singular thoughts rushed into his mind, but his first purpose was ever uppermost; and at length, unfolding his girdle of

skin, he tied the tough cincture round the chest, and exerting all his powers, dragged his mysterious waif into the nearest wood.

We should pursue an inquiry of great interest, if we were here to pause, and attempt to ascertain what would have been the probable conduct of Popanilla, and the moral effects upon the social action of the Island of Fantaisie, if the top of the sea-chest had not fallen off by the agency of its own volition; but as I am confidentially apprised that this inquiry will form the subject of discussion at the next meeting of the Union Debating Society, it would be scarcely fair to anticipate the inferences of that ingenious body of ingenuous youth. The top, however, did fall off; and really revealed the neatest collection of little packages that ever pleased the eye of the admirer of spruce arrangement. Popanilla took up packets upon all possible subjects; smelt them, but they were not savory; he was sorely puzzled. At last, he lighted on a slen-

der volume bound in brown calf, which, with the confined but sensual notions of a savage, he mistook for gingerbread, at least. It was "The Universal Linguist, by Mr. Hamilton, or the Art of Dreaming in Languages." Illustrious Hamilton! hadst thou been the Clerk of the Works during the blasphemy of Belus, Babel might have been built!

No sooner had Popanilla passed that well-formed nose, which had been so often admired by the lady whose lock of hair he had unfortunately lost, a few times over a few pages of the Hamiltonian System, than he sunk upon his bed of flowers; and in spite of his curiosity, was instantly overcome by a profound slumber. But his slumber, though deep, was not peaceful, and he was the actor in an agitating drama.

He found himself alone in a gay and glorious garden. In the centre of it grew a pomegranate tree of prodigious size; its top was lost in the sky, and its innumerable branches

sprang out in all directions, covered with large fruit of a rich golden hue. The most beautiful birds were perched upon all parts of the tree, and chanted with perpetual melody the beauties of their bower. Tempted by the delicious sight, Popanilla stretched forward his ready hand to pluck; but no sooner had he grasped the fruit, than the music immediately ceased—the birds rushed away—the sky darkened—the tree fell under the wind—the garden vanished, and Popanilla found himself in the midst of a raging sea, buffeting the waves.

He would certainly have been drowned, had he not been immediately swallowed up by the huge monster, which had not only been the occasion of the storm of yesterday, but,—ah! most unhappy business!—been the occasion also of his losing that lock of hair.

Ere he could congratulate himself on his escape, he found fresh cause for anxiety, for he perceived that he was no longer alone. No friends were near him; but, on the contrary, he

was surrounded by strangers of a far different aspect. They were men certainly—that is to say, they had legs and arms, and heads, and bodies as himself—but instead of that bloom of youth, that regularity of feature, that amiable joyousness of countenance, which he had ever been accustomed to meet and to love in his former companions, he recoiled in horror from the swarthy complexions, the sad visages, and the haggard features of his present ones. They spoke to him in a harsh and guttural accent. He would have fled from their advances, but then,—he was in the belly of a whale! No escape! It was like meeting a creditor in a *cul-de-sac*, and he was obliged to speak. When he had become a little used to their tones, he was gratified by finding that their attentions were far from hostile; and after having received from them a few compliments, he began to think that they were not quite so ugly. He discovered that the object of their inquiries was the fatal pomegranate which still remained

in his hand. They admired its beauty, and told him that they greatly esteemed an individual who possessed such a mass of precious ore. Popanilla begged to undeceive them, and courteously presented the fruit. No sooner, however, had he parted with this apple of discord, than the countenances of his companions changed. Immediately discovering its real nature, they loudly accused Popanilla of having deceived them; he remonstrated, and they recriminated; and the great fish, irritated by their clamour, lashed its huge tail, and with one efficacious vomit, spouted the innocent Popanilla high in the air. He fell with such a dash into the waves, that he was awakened by the sound of his own fall.

The dreamer awoke amidst real chattering, and scuffling, and clamour. A troop of green monkeys had been aroused by his unusual occupation, and had taken the opportunity of his slumber to become acquainted with some of the first principles of science. What progress

they had made it is difficult to ascertain; because, each one throwing a tract at Popanilla's head, they immediately disappeared. It is said, however, that some monkeys have been since seen skipping about the Island, with their tails cut off; and that they have even succeeded in passing themselves off for human beings among those people who do not read novels, and are consequently unacquainted with mankind.

The morning's adventure immediately rushed into Popanilla's mind, and he proceeded forthwith to examine the contents of his chest; but with advantages which had not been yet enjoyed by those who had previously peeped into it. The monkeys had not been composed to sleep by the "Universal Linguist" of Mr. Hamilton. As for Popanilla, he took up a treatise on hydrostatics, and read it straight through on the spot. For the rest of the day he was hydrostatically mad; nor could the commonest incident connected with the action or convey-

ance of water take place, without his speculating on its cause and consequence.

So enraptured was Popanilla with his new accomplishments and acquirements, that by degrees he avoided attendance on the usual evening assemblages, and devoted himself solely to the acquirement of useful knowledge. After a short time his absence was remarked; but the greatest and the most gifted has only to leave his coterie, called the world, for a few days, to be fully convinced of what very slight importance he really is. And so Popanilla, the delight of society, and the especial favourite of the women, was, in a very short time, not even inquired after. At first, of course, they supposed that he was in love, or that he had a slight cold, or that he was writing his memoirs;* and as these suppositions, in due course,

* The only argument against this supposition was the fact of Popanilla not being a very obscure personage. It is said that the "Life and Times of the Green Monkey who cut off his tail," will speedily appear.

take their place in the annals of society as circumstantial histories, in about a week, one knew the lady, another had heard him sneeze, and a third had seen the manuscript. At the end of another week, Popanilla was utterly forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

Six months had elapsed since the first chest of the cargo of Useful Knowledge, destined for the fortunate Maldives, had been digested by the recluse Popanilla; for a recluse he had now become. Great students are rather dull companions. Our Fantaisian friend, during his first studies, was as moody, absent, and querulous, as are most men of genius during that mystical period of life. He was consequently avoided by the men, and quizzed by the women; and consoled himself for the neglect of the first, and the taunts of the second, by the indefinite sensation, that he should, some day or other, turn out that little being,

called a great man. As for his mistress, she considered herself insulted by being addressed by a man who had lost her lock of hair. When the chest was exhausted, Popanilla was seized with a profound melancholy. Nothing depresses a man's spirits more completely than a self-conviction of self-conceit; and Popanilla, who had been accustomed to consider himself and his companions as the most elegant portion of the visible creation, now discovered, with dismay, that he and his fellow Islanders were nothing more than a horde of useless savages.

This mortification, however, was soon succeeded by a proud consciousness, that he, at any rate, was now civilized; and that proud consciousness, by a fond hope, that in a short time he might become a civilizer. Like all projectors, he was not of a sanguine temperament; but he did trust, that in the course of another season, the Isle of Fantaisie might take its station among the nations. He was

determined, however, not to be too rapid. It cannot be expected that ancient prejudices can, in a moment, be eradicated, and new modes of conduct instantaneously substituted and established. Popanilla, like a wise man, determined to conciliate. His views were to be as liberal, as his principles were enlightened. Men should be forced to do nothing. Bigotry, and intolerance, and persecution, were the objects of his most decided disapprobation; resembling, in this particular, all the great and good men who have ever existed; who have invariably maintained this opinion, as long as they have been in the minority.

Popanilla appeared once more in the world. "Dear me! is that you, Pop?" exclaimed the ladies. "What have you been doing with yourself all this time? Travelling, I suppose. Every one travels now. Really you travelled men get quite bores. And where did you get that coat—if it be a coat?"

Such was the style in which the Fantaisian

females saluted the long absent Popanilla: and really, when a man shuts himself up from the world for a considerable time, and fancies that in condescending to re-enter it, he has surely the right to expect the homage due to a superior being—if not a coronation, at least a compliment—why these salutations are to characterise them as gently as possible, aukward. The ladies of England have been long libelled as "*gauches*," yet they peculiarly excel in this species of annihilation; and while they continue to drown puppies, as they daily do, in a sea of sarcasm, I think no true Englishman will hesitate one moment in giving them the preference for tact and manner, over all the vivacious French, all the self-possessing Italian, and all the tolerant German women. This is a clap-trap, and I have no doubt will sell the book.

Popanilla, however, had not re-entered society with the intention of subsiding into a nonentity; and he therefore took the opportu-

nity, a few minutes after sunset, just as his companions were falling into the dance, to beg the favour of being allowed to address his Sovereign —only for one single moment.

"Sire!" said he, in that mild tone of subdued superciliousness with which we should always address kings, and which, while it vindicates our dignity, so satisfactorily proves that we are above the vulgar passion of envy— "Sire!"—but let us not encourage that fatal faculty of oratory so dangerous to free states, and therefore let us give only the "substance of Popanilla's speech."* He commenced his address in a manner somewhat resembling the initial observations of those pleasing pamphlets, which are the fashion of the present hour; and which, being intended to diffuse information among those who have not enjoyed the op-

* *Substance of a speech,* in Parliamentary language, means a printed edition of an harangue which contains all that was uttered in the House, and about as much again.

portunity and advantages of study, and are consequently of a gay and cheerful disposition, treat of light subjects in a light and polished style. Popanilla, therefore, spoke of man in a savage state, the origin of society, and the elements of the social compact, in sentences which would not have disgraced the mellifluous pen of Bentham. From these, he naturally digressed into an agreeable disquisition on the Anglo-Saxons; and after a little badinage on the Bill of Rights, flew off to an airy *aperçu* of the French Revolution. When he had arrived at the Isle of Fantaisie, he begged to inform his Majesty, that man was born for something else besides enjoying himself. It was, doubtless, extremely pleasant to dance and sing, to crown themselves with chaplets, and to drink wine; but he was "free to confess,"* that he did not imagine, that the most barefaced hireling of cor-

* This is a literal translation of the original, and I own not English. It is evidently an idiom of the Island—a pure Fantastic phrase.

ruption could for a moment presume to maintain that there was any utility in pleasure. If there were no utility in pleasure, it was quite clear that pleasure could profit no one. If, therefore, it were unprofitable, it was injurious; because that which does not produce a profit, is equivalent to a loss—therefore, pleasure is a losing business; consequently, pleasure is not pleasant.

He also showed that man was not born for himself, but for society; that the interests of the body are alone to be considered, and not those of the individual; and that a nation might be extremely happy, extremely powerful, and extremely rich, although every individual member of it might at the same time be miserable, dependent, and in debt. He regretted to observe, that no one in the Island seemed in the slightest degree conscious of the object of his being. Man is created for a purpose; the object of his existence is to perfect himself. Man is imperfect by nature, because if nature

had made him perfect he would have had no wants; and it is only by supplying his wants, that utility can be developed. The developement of utility is therefore the object of our being, and the attainment of this great end the cause of our existence. This principle clears all doubts, and rationally accounts for a state of existence which has puzzled many pseudo philosophers.

Popanilla then went on to show that the hitherto received definitions of man were all erroneous; that man is neither a walking animal, nor a talking animal, nor a cooking animal, nor a lounging animal, nor a debt-incurring animal, nor a tax-paying animal, nor a printing animal, nor a puffing animal, but a *developing animal.* Developement is the discovery of utility. By developing the water, we get fish; by developing the earth, we get corn, and cash, and cotton; by developing the air, we get breath; by developing the fire, we get heat. Thus, the use of the elements is demonstrated

to the meanest capacity. But it was not merely a material developement to which he alluded—a moral developement was equally indispensable. He showed that it was impossible for a nation either to think too much, or to do too much. The life of man was therefore to be passed in a moral and material developement, until he had consummated his perfection. It was the opinion of Popanilla that this great result was by no means so near at hand as some philosophers flattered themselves; and that it might possibly require another half-century before even the most civilized nation could be said to have completed the destiny of the human race. At the same time, he intimated that there were various extraordinary means by which this rather desirable result might be facilitated; and there was no saying what the building of a new University might do, of which, when built, he had no objection to be appointed Principal.

In answer to those who affect to admire that deficient system of existence which they style

simplicity of manners, and who are perpetually committing the blunder of supposing that every advance towards perfection only withdraws man farther from his primitive and proper condition, Popanilla triumphantly demonstrated, that no such order as that which they associated with the phrase, "state of nature," ever existed. "Man," said he, "is called the masterpiece of nature; and man is also, as we all know, the most curious of machines: now, a machine is a work of art, consequently, the masterpiece of nature is the masterpiece of art. The object of all mechanism is the attainment of utility; the object of man, who is the most perfect machine, is utility in the highest degree. Can we believe, therefore, that this machine was ever intended for a state which never could have called forth its powers—a state in which no utility could ever have been attained—a state in which there are no wants; consequently, no demand; consequently, no supply consequently, no competition; consequently, no

invention; consequently, no profits; only one great pernicious monopoly of comfort and ease. Society without wants, is like a world without winds. It is quite clear, therefore, that there is no such thing as Nature; Nature is Art, or Art is Nature; that which is most useful is most natural, because utility is the test of nature; therefore, a steam-engine is in fact a much more natural production than a mountain.*

"You are convinced therefore," he continued, "by these observations, that it is impossible for an individual or a nation to be too artificial in their manners, their ideas, their laws, or their general policy; because, in fact, the more

* The age seems as anti-mountainous as it is anti-monarchical. A late writer insinuates that if the English had spent their millions in levelling the Andes, instead of excavating the table-lands, society might have been benefited. These monstrosities are decidedly useless, and therefore can neither be sublime nor beautiful, as has been unanswerably demonstrated by another recent writer on political æsthetics.—See also a personal attack on Mont Blanc, in the 2nd No. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

artificial you become, the nearer you approach that state of nature of which you are so perpetually talking."—Here observing that some of his audience appeared to be a little sceptical—perhaps only surprised—he told them that what he said must be true, because it entirely consisted of first principles."*

After having thus preliminarily descanted for about two hours, Popanilla informed his Majesty that he was unused to public speaking, and then proceeded to show, that the grand characteristic of the social action† of the Isle of Fantaisie was a total want of developement.

* First principles are the ingredients of positive truth. They are immutable, as may be seen by comparing the first principles of the eighteenth century with the first principles of the nineteenth.

† This simple and definite phrase we derive from the nation to whom we were indebted during the last century for some other phrases about as definite, but rather more dangerous. We ought not to be surprised, that they who once clothed a courtezan in the robe of a goddess, should speak of the commonest incidents of life in the language of Oracles.

This he observed with equal sorrow and surprise; he respected the wisdom of their ancestors, at the same time no one could deny that they were both barbarous and ignorant; he highly esteemed also the constitution, but regretted that it was not in the slightest degree adapted to the existing wants of society: he was not for destroying any establishments, but, on the contrary, was for courteously affording them the opportunity of self-dissolution. He finished, by re-urging, in very strong terms, the immediate developement of the Island. In the first place, a very great metropolis must be instantly built, because a very great metropolis always produces a very great demand; and moreover, Popanilla had some legal doubts, whether a country without a capital could in fact be considered a State. Apologizing for having so long trespassed upon the attention of the assembly, he begged distinctly to state,*

* Another phrase of Parliament, which, I need not observe, is always made use of in oratory, when the

that he had no wish to see his Majesty and his fellow-subjects adopt these new principles without examination, and without experience. They might commence on a small scale; let them cut down their forests, and by turning them into ships and houses, discover the utility of timber: let the whole Island be dug up; let canals be cut, docks be built, and all the elephants be killed directly, that their teeth might yield an immediate article for exportation. A very short time would afford a sufficient trial. In the mean while, they would not be pledged to further measures, and these might be considered "only as an experiment."* Taking for granted, that these principles would be acted on, and taking into consideration the site of the Island in the map of the world, the nature and extent of its resources, its magnificent race

orator can see his meaning about as distinctly as Sancho perceived the charms of Dulcinea.

* A very famous and convenient phrase this—but in politics, *experiments* mean *revolutions.*

of human beings, its varieties of the animal creation, its wonderfully fine timber, its undeveloped mineral treasures, the spaciousness of its harbours, and its various facilities for extended international communication, Popanilla had no hesitation in saying, that a short time could not elapse, ere, instead of passing their lives in a state of unprofitable ease, and useless enjoyment, they might reasonably expect to be the terror and astonishment of the universe; and to be able to annoy every nation of any consequence.

Here, observing a smile upon his Majesty's countenance, Popanilla told the King that he was only a chief magistrate, and he had no more right to laugh at him than a constable. He concluded by observing, that although what he at present urged might appear very strange, nevertheless, if the listeners had been acquainted with the characters and cases of Galileo and Turgot, they would then have seen, as a necessary consequence, that his system was perfectly

correct; and he, himself, a man of extraordinary merit.

Here the chief magistrate, no longer daring to smile, burst into a fit of laughter; and turning to his courtiers said, "I have not an idea what this man is talking about, but I know that he makes my head ache: give me a cup of wine, and let us have a dance."

All applauded the royal proposition; and pushing Popanilla from one to another, until he was fairly hustled to the very brink of the lagoon, they soon forgot the existence of this bore: in one word, he was cut. When Popanilla found himself standing alone, and looking very grave, while all the rest were very gay, he began to suspect that he was not so very influential a personage as he previously imagined. Rather crest-fallen, he sneaked home; and consoled himself for having nobody to speak to, by reading some very amusing "Conversations on Political Economy."

CHAPTER V.

POPANILLA was discomposed, but he was not discomfited. He consoled himself for the Royal neglect, by the recollection of the many illustrious men who had been despised, banished, imprisoned, and burnt, for the maintenance of opinions, which, centuries afterwards, had been discovered to be truth. He did not forget that in still further centuries, the lately recognised truth had been re-discovered to be falsehood; but then these men were not less illustrious; and what wonder that their opinions were really erroneous, since they were not his present ones? The reasoning was equally conclusive and con-

solatory. Popanilla, therefore, was not discouraged; and although he deemed it more prudent not to go out of his way to seek another audience of his sovereign, or to be too anxious again to address a public meeting, he nevertheless determined to proceed cautiously, but constantly, propagating his doctrines, and proselytizing in private.

Unfortunately for Popanilla, he did not enjoy one advantage, which all founders of sects have duly appreciated, and by which they have been materially assisted. It is a great and unanswerable argument in favour of a Providence, that we constantly perceive that the most beneficial results are brought about by the least worthy, and most insignificant agents. The purest religions would never have been established, had they not been supported by sinners, who felt the burthen of the old faith; and the most free and enlightened governments are often generated by the discontented, the

disappointed, and the dissolute. Now, in the Isle of Fantaisie, unfortunately for our revolutionizer, there was not a single grumbler.

Unable, therefore, to make the bad passions of his fellow-creatures the unconscious instruments of his good purposes, Popanilla must have been contented to have monopolized all the wisdom of the moderns, had he not, with the unbaffled wit of an inventor, hit upon a new expedient. Like Socrates, our philosopher began to cultivate with sedulousness, the society of youth.

In a short time, the ladies of Fantaisie were forced to observe, that the fair sex most unfashionably predominated in their evening assemblages; for the young gentlemen of the Island had suddenly ceased to pay their graceful homage at the altar of Terpsichore. In an Indian isle, not to dance, was as bad as heresy. The ladies rallied the recreants, but their playful sarcasms failed of their wonted effect. In the natural course of things, they

had recourse to remonstrances, but their appeals were equally fruitless. The delicate creatures tried reproaches, but the boyish cynics received them with a scowl, and answered them with a sneer.

The women fled in indignation to their friendly monarch; but the voluptuary of nature only shrugged his shoulders, and smiled. He kissed away their tears, and their frowns vanished as he crowned their long hair with roses.

"If the lads really show such bad taste," said his Majesty, "why I and my Lords must do double duty—and dance with a couple of you at once." Consoled and complimented, and crowned by a King, who could look sad? The women forgot their anger in their increasing loyalty.

But the pupils of Popanilla had no sooner mastered the first principles of science, than they began to throw off their retired habits, and uncommunicative manners. Being not ut-

terly ignorant of some of the rudiments of knowledge, and consequently having completed their education, it was now their duty, as members of society, to instruct and not to study. They therefore courted, instead of shunning, their fellow-creatures; and on all occasions seized all opportunities of assisting the spread of knowledge. The voices of boys lecturing upon every lecturable topic, resounded in every part of the Island. Their tones were so shrill, their manners so presuming, their knowledge so crude, and their general demeanour so completely unamiable, that it was impossible to hear them without the greatest delight, advantage, and admiration.

The women were not now the only sufferers and the only complainants. Dinned to death, the men looked gloomy; and even the King, for the first time in his life, looked grave. Could this Babel, he thought, be that empire of bliss, that delightful Fantaisie; where, to be ruler, only proved, that you were the most skilful in

making others happy! His brow ached under his light flowery crown, as if it were bound by the barbarous circle of a tyrant, heavy with gems and gold. In his despair, he had some thoughts of leaving his kingdom, and betaking himself to the mermaids.

The determination of the most precious portion of his subjects saved his empire. As the disciples of the new school were daily demanding, "What is the use of dancing?—what is the use of drinking wine?—what is the use of smelling flowers?"—the women, like prescient politicians, began to entertain a nervous suspicion, that in time, these sages might even presume to question the utility of that homage which, in spite of the Grecian Philosophers and the British Essayists, we have been in the habit of conceding to them ever since Eden; and they rushed again to the King, like frightened deer. Something now was to be done; and the monarch, with an expression of countenance which almost amounted to energy, whispered consolation.

The King sent for Popanilla; the message produced a great sensation; the enlightened introducer of the new principles had not been at Court since he was cut. No doubt his Majesty was at last impregnated with the liberal spirit of the age; and Popanilla was assuredly to be premier. In fact, it must be so—he was "sent for—" there was no precedent in Fantaisie, though there might be in other islands, for a person being "sent for," and not being premier. His disciples were in the highest spirits; the world was now to be regulated upon right principles, and they were to be installed into their right places.

"Illustrious Popanilla!" said the King, "you once did me the honour of making me a speech; which, unfortunately for myself, I candidly confess, I was then utterly incapable of understanding—no wonder, as it was the first I ever heard: I shall not, however, easily forget the effect which it produced upon me. I have since considered it my duty, as a monarch,

to pay the most particular attention to your suggestions. I now understand them with sufficient clearness to be fully convinced of their excellence, and in future I intend to act upon them, without any exception or deviation. To prove my sincerity, I have determined to commence the new system at once; and as I think that, without some extension of our international relations, the commercial interest of this Island will be utterly incapable of furnishing the taxes which I intend to levy, I have determined, therefore, to fit out an expedition for the purpose of discovering new islands, and forming relations with new islanders. It is but due to your merit that you should be appointed to the command of it; and further to testify my infinite esteem for your character, and my complete confidence in your abilities, I make you post-captain on the spot. As the axiom of your school seems to be, that every thing can be made perfect at once, without time, without experience, without practice, and without pre-

paration, I have no doubt, with the aid of a treatise or two, you will make a consummate naval commander, although you have never been at sea in the whole course of your life—Farewell, Captain Popanilla!"

No sooner was this adieu uttered, than four brawny lords of the bed-chamber seized the Turgot of Fantaisie by the shoulders, and carried him with inconceivable rapidity to the shore. His pupils, who would have fled to his rescue, were stifled with the embraces of their former partners; and their utilitarianism dissolved in the arms of those they once so rudely rejected. As for their tutor, he was thrust into one of the canoes, with some fresh water, bread fruit, dried fish, and a basket of alligator-pears. A band of mermaids carried the canoe, with exquisite management, through the shallows, and over the breakers; and poor Popanilla, in a few minutes, found himself out at sea. Tremendously frightened, he offered to recant all his opinions, and denounce, as traitors,

any individuals whom the court might select. But his former companions did not exactly detect the utility of his return. His offers, his supplications, were equally fruitless; and the only answer which floated to him on the wind, was, "Farewell, Captain Popanilla!"

CHAPTER VI.

Night fell upon the waters, dark and drear, and thick and misty. How unlike those brilliant hours that once summoned him to revelry and love! Unhappy Popanilla! Thy delicious Fantaisie has vanished! Ah, pitiable youth! What could possibly have induced you to be so very rash? And all from that unlucky lock of hair!

After a few natural paroxysms of rage, terror, anguish, and remorse, the captain as naturally subsided into despair; and awaited with sullen apathy that fate which could not be far distant. The only thing which puzzled the philosophical navigator, was his inability to detect what useful end could be attained by his

death. At length, remembering that fish must be fed, his theory and his desperation were at the same time confirmed.

A clear dry morning succeeded the wet gloomy night; and Popanilla had not yet gone down. This extraordinary suspension of his fate roused him from his stupor, and between the consequent excitement and the morning air, he acquired an appetite. Philosophical physicians appear to have agreed that sorrow, to a certain extent, is not unfavourable to digestion; and as Popanilla began to entertain some indefinite and unreasonable hopes, the alligator-pears quickly disappeared. In the mean time the little canoe cut her way, as if she were chacing a smuggler; and had it not been for a shark or two, who, in anticipation of their services being required, never left her side for a second, Popanilla really might have made some very ingenious observations on the nature of tides. He was rather surprised certainly, as he watched his frail bark cresting the waves; but he soon supposed that this was all in the natural

course of things; and he now ascribed his previous fright, not to the peril of his situation, but to his inexperience of it. Poor fellow! how could he know better? He certainly had enjoyed a seat at the Admiralty Board of Fantaisie, but then he was a lay-lord.

Although his apprehension of being drowned was now removed, yet when he gazed on the boundless vacancy before him, and also observed that his provisions rapidly decreased, he began to fear that he was destined for a still more horrible fate, and that after having eaten his own shoes, he must submit to be starved. In this state of despondency, with infinite delight and exultation, he clearly observed, on the second day, at twenty-seven minutes past three, P. M., though at a considerable distance, a mountain and an island. His joy and his pride were equal, and excessive: he called the first, Alligator Mountain, in gratitude to the pears; and christened the second after his mistress—that unlucky mistress! The swift canoe soon

reached the discoveries, and the happy discoverer further found, to his utter mortification, that the mountain was a mist, and the island a sea-weed. Popanilla now grew sulky, and threw himself down in the bottom of his boat.

On the third morning, he was awakened by a tremendous roar; on looking around him, he perceived that he was in a valley formed by two waves, each about three thousand feet high. This seemed the crisis of his fate; he shut his eyes, as people do when they are touched by a dentist, and in a few minutes was still bounding on the ocean in the eternal canoe, safe but senseless. Some tremendous peals of thunder, a roaring wind, and a scathing lightning, confirmed his indisposition; and had not the tempest subsided, Popanilla would probably have been an idiot for life. The dead and soothing calm which succeeded this tornado, called him back again gradually to existence. He opened his eyes, and scarcely daring to try a sense, immediately shut them;

then heaving a deep sigh, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked as pitiable as a prime minister with a naughty cabinet. At length he ventured to lift up his head; there was not a wrinkle on the face of ocean; a halcyon fluttered over him, and then scudded before his canoe, and gamesome porpoises were tumbling at his side. The sky was cloudless, except in the direction to which he was driving; but even as Popanilla observed, with some misgivings, the mass of vapours which had there congregated, the great square and solid black clouds drew off like curtains, and revealed to his entranced vision a magnificent city rising out of the sea.

Tower, and dome, and arch, column, and spire, and obelisk, and lofty terraces, and many-windowed palaces, rose in all directions from a mass of building which appeared to him each instant to grow more huge, till at length it seemed to occupy the whole horizon. The sun lent additional lustre to the dazzling quays of

white marble, which apparently surrounded this mighty city, and which rose immediately from the dark blue waters. As the navigator drew nearer, he observed that in most parts the quays were crowded with beings, who he trusted were human, and already the hum of multitudes broke upon his inexperienced ear; to him a sound far more mysterious and far more exciting than the most poetical of winds to the most windy of poets. On the right of this vast city rose what was mistaken by Popanilla for an immense but leafless forest; but more practical men than the Fantaisian captain have been equally confounded by the first sight of a million of masts.

The canoe cut its way with increased rapidity; and ere Popanilla had recovered himself sufficiently to make even an ejaculation, he found himself at the side of a quay. Some amphibious creatures, whom he supposed to be mermen, immediately came to his assistance, rather stared at his serpent-skin coat, and then

helped him up the steps. Popanilla was instantly surrounded by an immense crowd.

"Who are you?" said one.

"What are you?" asked another.

"Who is it?" exclaimed a third.

"What is it?" screamed a fourth.

"My friends, I am a man!"

"A man!" said the women; "are you sure you are a real man?"

"He must be a sea-god!" said the females.

"She must be a sea-goddess," said the males.

"A Triton!" maintained the women.

"A Nereid!" argued the men.

"It is a great fish!" said the boys.

Thanks to the Universal Linguist, Captain Popanilla, under these peculiar circumstances, was more loquacious than could have been Captain Parry.

"Good people! you see before you the most injured of human beings."

This announcement instantly inspired general enthusiasm. The women wept, the men shook

hands with him, and all the boys huzzaed. Popanilla proceeded :—

"Actuated by the most pure, the most patriotic, the most noble, the most enlightened, and the most useful sentiments, I aspired to ameliorate the condition of my fellow men. To this grand object I have sacrificed all that makes life delightful: I have lost my station in society, my taste for dancing, my popularity with the men, my favour with the women; and last, but, oh! not least, (excuse this emotion,) I have lost a very particular lock of hair. In one word, my friends, you see before you—banished, ruined, and unhappy—the victim of a despotic sovereign, a corrupt aristocracy, and a misguided people."

No sooner had he ceased speaking, than Popanilla really imagined that he had only escaped the dangers of sedition and the sea, to expire by less hostile, though not less effective means. To be strangled was not much better than to be starved: and certainly with half a do-

zen highly respectable females clinging round his neck, he was not reminded, for the first time in his life, what a domestic bow-string is an affectionate woman. In an agony of suffocation he thought very little of his arms, although the admiration of the men had already, in his imagination, separated those useful members from his miserable body; and had it not been for some justifiable kicking and plunging, the veneration of the ingenuous and surrounding youth, which manifested itself by their active exertions to divide his singular garment into relics of a martyr of liberty, would soon have effectually prevented the ill-starred Popanilla from being again mistaken for a Nereid. Order was at length restored, and a committee of eight appointed to regulate the visits of the increasing mob.

The arrangements were most judicious; the whole populace was marshalled into ranks; classes of twelve persons were allowed consecutively to walk past the victim of tyranny,

corruption, and ignorance; and each person had the honour to touch his finger. During this proceeding, which lasted a few hours, an influential personage generously offered to receive the eager subscriptions of the assembled thousands. Even the boys subscribed, and ere six hours had passed since his arrival as a coatless vagabond in this liberal city, Captain Popanilla found himself a person of considerable income.

The receiver of the subscriptions, while he crammed Popanilla's serpent-skin pockets full of gold pieces, at the same time kindly offered the stranger to introduce him to an hotel. Popanilla, who was quite beside himself, could only bow his assent, and mechanically accompanied his conductor. When he had regained his faculty of speech, he endeavoured, in wandering sentences of grateful incoherency, to express his deep sense of this unparalleled liberality. "It was an excess of generosity, in which mankind could never have before indulged!"

"By no means!" said his companion with great coolness; "far from this being an unparalleled affair, I assure you it is a matter of hourly occurrence: make your mind quite easy. You are probably not aware that you are now living in the richest and the most charitable country in the world!"

"Wonderful!" said Popanilla; "and what is the name, may I ask, of this charitable city?"

"Is it possible," said his companion, with a faint smile, "that you are ignorant of the great city of Hubbabub—the largest city, not only that exists, but that ever did exist, and the capital of the Island of Vraibleusia, the most famous island, not only that is known, but that ever was known!"

While he was speaking, they were accosted by a man upon crutches, who telling them in a broken voice that he had a wife and twelve infant children dependent on his support, sup-

plicated a little charity. Popanilla was about to empty part of his pocketfuls into the mendicant's cap, but his companion repressed his unphilosophical facility. "By no means!" said his friend, who, turning round to the beggar, advised him, in a mild voice, to *work;* calmly adding, that if he presumed to ask charity again, he should certainly have him bastinadoed. Then they walked on.

Popanilla's attention was so distracted by the variety, the number, the novelty, and the noise of the objects which were incessantly hurried upon his observation, that he found no time to speak; and as his companion, though exceedingly polite, was a man of few words, conversation rather flagged.

At last, overwhelmed by the magnificence of the streets, the splendour of the shops, the number of human beings, the rattling of the vehicles, the dashing of the horses, and a thousand other sounds and objects, Popanilla gave

loose to a loud and fervent wish that his hotel might have the good fortune of being situated in this interesting quarter.

"By no means!" said his companion, "we have yet much farther to go. Far from this being a desirable situation for you, my friend, I assure you that no civilized person is ever seen here; and had not the cause of civil and religious liberty fortunately called me to the water-side to-day, I should have lost the opportunity of showing how greatly I esteem a gentleman who has suffered so severely in the cause of national amelioration."

"Sir!" said Popanilla, "your approbation is the only reward which I ever shall desire for my exertions. You will excuse me for not quite keeping up with you; but the fact is, my pockets are so stuffed with cash, that the action of my legs is greatly impeded."

"Credit me, my friend! that you are suffering from an inconvenience which you will not long experience in Hubbabub. Nevertheless, to re-

medy it at present, I think the best thing we can do, is to buy a purse."

They accordingly entered a shop where such an article might be found, and taking up a small sack, for Popanilla was very rich, his companion inquired its price, which he was informed was four crowns. No sooner had the desired information been given, than the proprietor of the opposite shop rushed in, and offered him the same article for three crowns. The original merchant, not at all surprised at the intrusion, and not the least apologising for his former extortion, then demanded two. His rival, being more than his match, he courteously dropped upon his knee, and requested his customer to accept the article gratis, for his sake. The generous dealer would infallibly have carried the day, had not his rival humbly supplicated the purchaser, not only to receive his article as a gift, but also the compliment of a crown inside.

"What a terrible cheat the first merchant

must have been!" said the puzzled Popanilla, as they proceeded on their way.

"By no means!" said his calm companion; "the purse was sufficiently cheap, even at four crowns. This is not Cheatery, this is Competition!"

"What a wonderful nation, then, this must be, where you not only get purses gratis, but even well loaded! What use, then, is all this heavy gold? It is a tremendous trouble to carry;—I will empty the bag into this kennel, for money surely can be of no use in a city where, when in want of cash, you have only to go into a shop and buy a purse!"

"Your pardon!" said his companion; "far from this being the case, Vraibleusia is, without doubt, the dearest country in the world."

"If then," said the inquisitive Popanilla, with great animation—"if then this country be the dearest in the world—if—how—"

"My good friend!" said his companion, "I really am the last person in the world to answer

questions. All that I know is, that really this country is extremely dear, and that the only way to get things cheap, is to encourage Competition."

Here the progress of the companions was impeded for some time by a great crowd, which had assembled to catch a glimpse of a man who was to fly off a steeple, but who had not yet arrived. A chimney-sweeper observed to a scientific friend, that probably the density of the atmosphere might prevent the intended volitation; and Popanilla, who, having read almost as many pamphlets as the observer, now felt quite at home, exceedingly admired the observation.

"He must be a very superior man, this gentleman in black!" said Popanilla to his companion.

"By no means! he is of the very lowest class in society. But you are probably not aware, that you are in the most educated country in the world."

"Delightful!" said Popanilla.

The captain was exceedingly desirous of witnessing the flight of the Vraibleusian Dædalus, but his friend advised their progress. This, however, was not very easy; and Popanilla, animated, for the moment, by his natural aristocratic disposition, and emboldened by his superior size and strength, began to clear his way in a manner which was more cogent than logical. The chimney-sweeper and his comrades were soon in arms, and Popanilla would certainly have been killed or ducked by this very superior man and his friends, had it not been for the mild remonstrance of his conductor, and the singular appearance of his costume.

"What could have induced you to be so very imprudent?" said his rescuer, when they had escaped from the crowd.

"Truly," said Popanilla, "I thought that in a country where you may bastinado the wretch who presumes to ask you for alms, there could surely be no objection to my knock-

ing down the scoundrel who dared to stand in my way.

"By no means!" said his friend, slightly elevating his eyebrows. "Here all men are equal. You are probably not aware that you are at present in the freest country in the world."

"I do not exactly understand you; what is this freedom?"

"My good friend! I really am the last person in the world to answer questions. Freedom is, in one word—Liberty: a kind of thing which you foreigners never can understand, and which mere theory can make no man understand. When you have been in the Island a few weeks, all will be quite clear to you. In the mean time, do as others do, and never knock men down!"

CHAPTER VII.

"ALTHOUGH we are yet some way from our hotel," remarked Popanilla's conductor, "we have now arrived at a part of the city where I can ease you, without difficulty, from your troublesome burthen; let us enter here!"

As he spoke, they stopped before a splendid palace, and proceeding through various halls full of individuals apparently intently busied, the companions were at last ushered into an apartment of smaller size, but of more elegant character. A personage of prepossessing appearance was lolling on a couch of an appearance equally prepossessing. Before him, on a table, were some papers, exquisite fruits, and

some liqueurs. Popanilla was presented, and received, with the most fascinating complaisance. His friend stated the object of their visit, and handed the sackful of gold to the gentleman on the sofa. The gentleman on the sofa ordered a couple of attendants to ascertain its contents. While this computation was going on, he amused his guests by his lively conversation, and charmed Popanilla by his polished manners, and easy civility. He offered him, during his stay in Vraibleusia, the use of a couple of equipages, a villa, and an opera-box; insisted upon sending to his hotel some pine-apples, and some very rare wine; and gave him a perpetual ticket to his picture-gallery. When his attendants had concluded their calculation, he ordered them to place Popanilla's precious metal in his treasury; and then presenting the captain with a small packet of pink shells, he kindly inquired whether he could be of any further use to him. Popanilla was very loth to retire without his gold, of the utility of

which, in spite of the conveniency of compe-tition, he seemed to possess an instinctive con-ception; but as his friend rose and withdrew, he could do nothing less than accompany him; for having now known him nearly half a day, his confidence in his honour and integrity was naturally unbounded.

"That was the king, of course?" said Popa-nilla, when they were fairly out of the palace.

"The king!" said the unknown, nearly surprised into an exclamation—"by no means!"

"And what then?"

"My good friend! is it possible that you have no bankers in your country?"

"Yes, it is very possible; but we have mermaids, who also give us shells which are very pretty. What then are your bankers?"

"Really, my good friend! that is a question which I never remember having being asked before; but a banker is a man who—keeps our money for us."

"Ah! and he is bound, I suppose, to return you your money when you choose."

"Most assuredly!"

"He is then, in fact, your servant: you must pay him handsomely, for him to live so well?"

"By no means! we pay him nothing."

"That is droll, he must be very rich then?"

"Really, my dear friend! I cannot say.—Why yes! I—I suppose, he may be very rich!"

"'Tis singular, that a rich man should take so much trouble for others!"

"My good friend! of course, he lives by his trouble."

"Ah! How then," continued the inquisitive Fantaisian, "if you do not pay him for his services, and he yet lives by them, how, I pray, does he acquire these immense riches?"

"Really, my good Sir, I am, in truth, the very last man in the world to answer questions: he is a banker—bankers are always rich—but why they are, or how they are, I

really never had time to inquire. But I suppose, if the truth were known, they must have very great opportunities."

"Ah! I begin to see," said Popanilla.—"It was really very kind of him," continued the captain, "to make me a present of these little pink shells: what would I not now give to turn them into a necklace, and send it to a certain person at Fantaisie!"

"It would be a very expensive necklace," observed his companion, almost surprised. "I had no idea, I confess, from your appearance, that in your country they indulged in such expensive tastes in costume?"

"Expensive?" said Popanilla. "We certainly have no such shells as these in Fantaisie; but we have much more beautiful ones—I should think, from their look, they must be rather common."

His conductor, for the first time, nearly laughed. "I forgot," said he, "that you could not possibly be aware, that these pink

shells are the most precious coin of the land; compared with which, those bits of gold with which you have recently parted, are nothing—your whole fortune is now in that little packet. The fact is," continued the unknown, making an effort to communicate, "although we possess in this country more of the precious metals than all the rest of the world together, the quantity is nevertheless utterly disproportioned to the magnitude of our wealth, and our wants. We have been, therefore, under the necessity of resorting to other means of representing the first, and supplying the second; and taking advantage of our insular situation, we have introduced these small pink shells, which abound all round the coast. Being much more convenient to carry, they are in general circulation, and no genteel person has ever any thing else in his pocket."

"Wonderful! but surely, then, it is no very difficult thing, in this country, to accumulate a fortune, since all that is necessary to give you

every luxury of life, is a stroll one morning of your existence along the beach."

"By no means, my friend! you are really too rapid! The fact is, that no one has the power of originally circulating these shells, but our Government; and if any one, by any chance, choose to violate this arrangement, we make up for depriving him of his solitary walks on the shore, by instant submersion in the sea."

"Then the whole circulation of the country is at the mercy of your Government?" remarked Popanilla; summoning to his recollection the contents of one of those shipwrecked *brochures* which had exercised so strange an influence on his destiny, "suppose they do not choose to issue?"

"That is always guarded against. The mere quarterly payments of interest upon our national debt will secure an ample supply."

"Debt! I thought you were the richest nation in the world?"

"'Tis true; nevertheless, if there were a golden pyramid, with a base as big as the whole earth, and an apex touching the heavens, it would not supply us with sufficient metal to satisfy our creditors."

"But, my dear Sir," exclaimed the perplexed Popanilla, "if this really be true, how, then, can you be said to be the richest nation in the world?"

"It is very simple. The annual interest upon our debt exceeds the whole wealth of the rest of the world; therefore, we must be the richest nation in world."

"'Tis very true," said Popanilla; "I see I have yet much to learn. But with regard to these pink shells, how can you possibly create for them a certain standard of value? It is merely agreement among yourselves that fixes any value to them."

"By no means! you are so rapid! Each shell is immediately convertible into gold; of which metal, let me again remind you, we pos-

sess more than any other nation; but which, indeed, we only keep as a sort of dress coin, chiefly to indulge the prejudices of foreigners."

"But," said the perpetual Popanilla, "suppose every man who held a shell on the same day were to——"

"My good friend! I really am the last person in the world to give explanations. In Vraibleusia, we have so much to do, that we have no time to think—a habit which only becomes nations who are not employed. You are now fast approaching the Great Shell Question; a question which, I confess, affects the interests of every man in this Island more than any other; but of which, I must candidly own, every man in this Island is more ignorant than of any other. No one, however, can deny that the system works well; and if any thing at any time go wrong, why really Mr. Secretary Periwinkle is a wonderful man, and our most eminent conchologist,—he, no doubt, will set it right; and if, by any chance, things are past even his ma-

nagement, why then, I suppose, to use our national motto—*something will turn up.*"

Here they arrived at the hotel. Having made every arrangement for the comfort and convenience of the Fantaisian stranger, Popanilla's conductor took his leave; previously informing him, that his name was Skindeep; that he was a member of one of the largest families in the Island; that, had he not been engaged to attend a lecture upon the system adopted with regard to the salaries of the professors in the Universities of the Antipodes, he would have stayed and dined with him; but that he would certainly call upon him on the morrow.

Compared with his hotel, the palace of his banker was a dungeon; even the sunset voluptuousness of Fantaisie was now remembered without regret in the blaze of artificial light, and in the artificial gratification of desires which art had alone created. After a magnificent repast, his host politely inquired of Popanilla whether he would like to go to the Opera, the

Comedy, or a Concert; but the Fantaisian philosopher was not yet quite corrupted; and still inspired with a desire to acquire useful knowledge, he begged his landlord to procure him immediately a pamphlet on the Shell Question.

While his host was engaged in procuring this luxury, a man entered the room and told Popanilla that he had walked that day two thousand five hundred paces, and that the tax due to the excise upon this promenade was fifty crowns. The captain stared, and remarked to the excise-officer, that he thought a man's paces were a very strange article to tax: the excise-officer, with great civility, answered that, no doubt at first sight it might appear rather strange, but that it was the only article left untaxed in Vraibleusia; that there was a slight deficiency in the last quarter's revenue, and that therefore the Government had no alternative; that it was a tax which did not press heavily upon the individual, because the Vraibleusians were of a very sedentary habit; that besides, it was an opinion

every day more received among the best judges, that the more a man was taxed, the richer he ultimately would prove; and he concluded by saying, that Popanilla need not make himself uneasy about these demands; because, if he were ruined to-morrow, being a foreigner, he was entitled by the law of the land to five thousand a-year; whereas, he, the exciseman, being a native-born Vraibleusian, had no claims whatever upon the Government; therefore he hoped his honour would give him something to drink."

His host now entered with the "Novum Organon" of the great Periwinkle.—While Popanilla devoured the lively pages of this treatise, he discovered that the system which had been so subtilely introduced by the Government, and which had so surprised him in the morning, had soon been adopted in private life; and although it was drowning matter to pick up pink shells, still there was nothing to prevent the whole commerce of the country from being carried on by means of a system

equally conchological. He found that the social action in every part of the Island was regulated and assisted by this process. Oyster-shells were first introduced; muscle-shells speedily followed; and, as commerce became more complicate, they had even been obliged to have recourse to snail-shells. Popanilla retired to rest with the most perfect admiration of the people who thus converted to the most useful purposes, things apparently so useless. There was no saying now what might not be done, even with a nut-shell. It was evident that the nation, who contrived to be the richest people in the world, while they were over head and ears in debt, must be fast approaching to a state of perfection. Finally, sinking to sleep in a bed of eiderdown, Popanilla was confirmed in his prejudices against a state of Nature.

CHAPTER VIII.

SKINDEEP called upon Popanilla on the following morning in a very elegant equipage, and, with great politeness, proposed to attend him in a drive about the city.

The Island of Vraibleusia is one hundred and fifty miles in circumference, two-thirds of which are covered by the city of Hubbabub. It contains no other city, nor town, nor village. The rest of the Island consists of three hundred rivers, five hundred canals, and twelve hundred rail-roads. Popanilla was surprised when he was informed that Hubbabub did not contain more than five millions of inhabitants; but his surprise was decreased, when their journey occa-

sionally lay through tracks of streets, consisting often of capacious mansions which were entirely tenantless. On seeking an explanation of this seeming desolation, he was told that the Hubbabubians were possessed by a frenzy of always moving westward; and that consequently great quarters of the city are perpetually deserted. Even as Skindeep was speaking, their passage was stopped by a large caravan of carriages and waggons heavily laden with human creatures, and their children, and chattels. On Skindeep inquiring the cause of this great movement, he was informed by one on horseback, who seemed to be the leader of the horde, that they were the late dwellers in sundry squares and streets, situated far to the east; that their houses having been ridiculed by an itinerant ballad-singer, the female part of the tribe had insisted upon immediately quitting their unfashionable fatherland; and that now, after three days' journey, they had succeeded in reaching the late settlement of a horde, who had migrated to the extreme west.

Quitting regions so subject to revolutions and vicissitudes, the travellers once more emerged into quarters of a less transitory reputation; and in the magnificent parks, the broad streets, the ample squares, the palaces, the triumphal arches, and the theatres of occidental Hubbabub, Popanilla lost those sad and mournful feelings which are ever engendered by contemplating the gloomy relics of departed greatness. It was impossible to admire too much the architecture of this part of the city. The elevations were indeed imposing. In general, the massy Egyptian appropriately graced the attic-stories; while the finer and more elaborate architecture of Corinth was placed on a level with the eye, so that its beauties might be more easily discovered. Spacious colonnades were flanked by porticos, surmounted by domes; nor was the number of columns at all limited, for you occasionally met with porticos of two tiers, the lower one of which consisted of three, the higher one of thirty columns. Pedestals of the purest Ionic Gothic, were ingeniously

intermixed with Palladian pediments; and the surging spire exquisitely harmonized with the horizontal architecture of the ancients. But perhaps, after all, the most charming effect was produced by the pyramids, surmounted by weathercocks.

Popanilla was particularly pleased by some chimneys of Caryatides, and did not for a moment hesitate in assenting to the assertion of Skindeep, that the Vraibleusians were the most architectural nation in the world. True it was, they had begun late; their attention, as a people, having been, for a considerable time, attracted to much more important affairs; but they had compensated for their tardy attention, by their speedy excellence.*

Before they returned home, Skindeep led Popanilla to the top of a tower, from whence they had a complete view of the whole Island.

* See a work which will be shortly published, entitled, "The difference detected between *Architecture* and *Parchitecture*, by Sansovino the Second."

Skindeep particularly directed the captain's attention to one spot, where flourished, as he said, the only corn-fields in the country, which supplied the whole nation, and were the property of one individual. So unrivalled was his agricultural science, that the vulgar only accounted for his admirable produce by a miraculous fecundity! The proprietor of these hundred golden acres, was a rather mysterious sort of personage. He was an aboriginal inhabitant, and though the only one of the aborigines in existence, had lived many centuries; and to the consternation of some of the Vraibleusians, and the exultation of others, exhibited no signs of decay. This awful being was without a name. When spoken of by his admirers, he was generally described by such panegyrical periphrases as, "soul of the country,"—"foundation of the state,"—"the only real, and true, and substantial being,"—while on the other hand, those who presumed to differ from those sentiments, were in the habit of

styling him "the dead weight,"—"the vampire,"—"the night-mare,"—and other titles equally complimentary. They also maintained, that instead of being either real or substantial, he was, in fact, the most flimsy and fictitious personage in the whole Island; and then, lashing themselves up into metaphor, they would call him a meteor, or a vapour, or a great windy bubble, that would some day burst.

The Aboriginal insisted that it was the common law of the land, that the Islanders should purchase their corn only of him. They grumbled, but he growled; he swore that it was the constitution of the country; that there was an uninterrupted line of precedents to confirm the claim; and that if they did not approve of the arrangement, they and their fathers should not have elected to have settled, or presumed to have been spawned upon his Island. Then, as if he were not desirous of resting his claim on its mere legal merits, he would remind them

of the superiority of his grain, and the impossibility of a scarcity, in the event of which calamity, an insular people could always find a plentiful, though temporary resource in sea-weed. He then clearly proved to them, that if ever they had the imprudence to change any of their old laws, they would necessarily never have more than one meal a-day as long as they lived. Finally, he recalled to their recollection, that he had made the Island what it was, that he was their mainstay, and that his counsel and exertions had rendered them the wonder of the world. Thus, between force, and fear, and flattery, the Vraibleusians paid for their corn nearly its weight in gold; but what did that signify to a nation with so many pink shells!

CHAPTER IX.

The third day, after his drive with his friend Skindeep, Popanilla was waited upon by the most eminent bookseller in Hubbabub, who begged to have the honour of introducing to the public a Narrative of Captain Popanilla's Voyage. This gentleman assured Popanilla, that the Vraibleusian public was most nervously alive to any thing connected with discovery; that so ardent was their attachment to every thing relative to science or natural philosophy, that voyages and travels were sure to be read with great eagerness, particularly if they had coloured plates. Popanilla was charmed with the proposition, but blushingly informed the

mercantile Mecænas that he did not know how to write. The publisher told him that this circumstance was not of the slightest importance; that he had never for a moment supposed that so sublime a savage could possess such a vulgar accomplishment, and that it was by no means difficult for a man to publish his Travels without writing a line of them.

Popanilla having consented to become an author upon these terms, the publisher asked him to dine with him, and introduced him to a very intelligent individual. This very intelligent individual listened very attentively to all Popanilla's adventures. The captain concealed nothing. He began with the eternal lock of hair, and showed how wonderfully this world was constituted, that even the loss of a thing was not useless; from which it was clear, that Utility was Providence. After drinking a dozen bottles of wine, the intelligent individual told Popanilla that he was wrong in supposing Fantaisie to be an island; that, on the contrary, it

was a great continent—that this was proved by the probable action of the tides in the part of the Island which had not yet been visited—that the consequence of these tides would be, that in the course of a season or two, Fantaisie would become a great receptacle for icebergs, and be turned into the North Pole—that, therefore, the seasons throughout the world would be changed—that this year in Vraibleusia, the usual winter would be omitted, and that when the present summer was finished, the dog-days would again commence. Popanilla took his leave, highly delighted with this intelligent individual, and with the bookseller's wine.

Owing to the competition which existed between the publishers, the printers, and the engravers, of the city of Hubbabub, and the great exertions of the intelligent individual, the narrative of Captain Popanilla's voyage was brought out in less than a week, and was immediately in every body's hand. The work contained a detailed account of every thing

which took place during the whole of the three days, and formed a quarto volume. The plates were numerous and highly interesting. There was a line-engraving of Alligator Mountain, and a mezzotint of Seaweed Island; a view of the canoe N.E.; a view of the canoe N.W.; a view of the canoe S.E.; a view of the canoe S.W. There were highly-finished coloured drawings of the dried fish and the bread-fruit, and an exquisitely tinted representation of the latter in a mouldy state. But the *chef-d'œuvre* was the portrait of the Author himself. He was represented trampling on the body of a boa constrictor of the first quality, in the skin of which he was dressed—at his back were his bow and arrows—his right hand rested on an uprooted pine-tree—he stood in a desart between two volcanos—at his feet was a lake of the greatest magnitude—the distance lowered with an approaching tornado; but a lucky flash of lightning revealed the range of the Andes, and both Oceans. Altogether he looked the most

dandyfied of savages, and the most savage of dandies. It was a sublime lithograph, and produced scarcely less important effects upon Popanilla's fortune, than that lucky "lock of hair;" for no sooner was the portrait published, than Popanilla received a ticket for the *soirées intellectuelles* of a lady of quality. On showing it to Skindeep, he was told that the honour was immense, and therefore he must go by all means. Skindeep regretted that he could not accompany him, but he was engaged to a lecture on shoemaking; and a lecture was a thing which he made it a point never to miss; because, as he very properly observed, by lectures you may become extremely well-informed, without any of the inconveniences of study. No fixity of attention, no continuity of meditation, no habits of reflection, no aptitude of combination, are the least requisite; all which things only give you a nervous head-ache,—and yet you gain all the results of all these processes. True it is, that that which is so easily acquired,

is not always so easily remembered; but what of that? Suppose you forget any subject—why then you go to another lecture." "Very true!" said Popanilla.

Popanilla failed not to remember his invitation from Lady Spirituelle; and, at the proper hour, his announcement produced a sensation throughout her crowded saloons. Spirituelle was a most enchanting lady; she asked Popanilla how tall he really was, and whether the women in Fantaisie were as handsome as the men. Then she said that the Vraibleusians were the most intellectual and the most scientific nation in the world, and that the society at her house was the most intellectual and the most scientific in Vraibleusia. She told him also, that she had hoped by this season the world would have been completely regulated by mind; but that the subversion of matter was a more substantial business than she and the Committee of Management had imagined: she had no doubt, however, that in a very short

time, mind must carry the day; because matter was mortal, and mind eternal; therefore, mind had the best chance. Finally, she also told him that the passions were the occasion of all the misery which had ever existed; and that it was impossible for mankind ever to be happy or great, until, like herself and her friends, they were "all soul."

Popanilla was quite charmed with his company. What a difference between the calm, smiling, easy, uninteresting, stupid, sunset countenances of Fantaisie, and those around him. All looked so interested, and so intelligent; their eyes were so anxious, their gestures so animated, their manners so earnest. They must be very clever! He drew nearer. If before he were charmed, now he was enchanted: what an universal acquisition of useful knowledge! Three or four Dukes were earnestly imbibing a new theory of gas, from a brilliant little gentleman in black, who looked like a Will-o'-the-wisp. The Prime Minister was

very anxious about pin-making. A Bishop equally interested in a dissertation on the escapements of watches. A Field-marshal, not less intent on a new specific from the concentrated essence of hellebore. But what most delighted Popanilla, was hearing a lecture from the most eminent lawyer and statesman in Vraibleusia, on his first and favourite study of hydrostatics. His associations quite overcame him: all Fantaisie rushed upon his memory, and he was obliged to retire to a less frequented part of the room, to relieve his too excited feelings.

He was in a few minutes addressed by the identical little gentleman who had recently been speculating with the three Dukes.

The little gentleman told him that he had heard, with great pleasure, that in Fantaisie they had no historians, poets, or novelists. He proved to Popanilla that no such thing as Experience existed—that as the world was now to be regulated on quite different principles to those

by which it hitherto had been conducted, similar events to those which had occurred could never again take place; and therefore it was absolutely useless to know any thing about the past. With regard to literary fiction, he explained, that as it was absolutely necessary from his nature, that man should experience a certain quantity of excitement, the false interest which these productions created, prevented their readers from obtaining this excitement by methods which, by the discovery of the useful, might greatly benefit society."

"You are of opinion, then," exclaimed the delighted Popanilla, "that nothing is good which is not useful."

"Is it possible that an individual exists in this world, who doubts this great first principle?" said the little man with great animation.

"Ah! my dear friend!" said Popanilla, "if you only knew what an avowal of this great first principle has cost me—what I have suffered—what I have lost!"

"What have you lost?" asked the little gentleman.

"In the first place, a lock of hair—"

"Poh! nonsense!"

"Ah! you may say poh! but it was a very particular lock of hair."

"My friend, that word is odious. Nothing is *particular*, every thing is *general*. Rules are general—feelings are general—and property should be general: and, Sir, I tell you what, in a very short time, it must be so. Why should Lady Spirituelle, for instance, receive me at her house, rather than I receive her at mine?"

"Why don't you then?" asked the simple Popanilla.

"Because I have not got one, Sir!" roared the little gentleman.

He would certainly have broke away, had not Popanilla begged him to answer one question. The captain, reiterating in the most solemn manner his firm belief in the dogma, that nothing was good which was not useful,

and again detailing the persecutions which this conviction had brought upon him, was delighted that an opportunity was now afforded to gain, from the lips of a distinguished philosopher, a definition of what *utility* really was. The distinguished philosopher could not refuse so trifling a favour.

"Utility," said he, is——"

At this critical moment there was an universal buzz throughout the rooms, and every body looked so interested, that the philosopher quite forgot to finish his answer. On inquiring the cause of this great sensation, Popanilla was informed, that a rumour was about, that a new element had been discovered that afternoon. The party speedily broke up—the principal philosophers immediately rushing to their clubs to ascertain the truth of this report. Popanilla was unfashionable enough to make his acknowledgments to his hostess before he left her house. As he gazed upon her ladyship's brilliant eyes and radiant complexion, he felt convinced of the

truth of her theory of the passions; he could not refrain from pressing her hand, in a manner which violated etiquette, and which a nativity in the Indian Ocean could alone excuse; the pressure was graciously returned. As Popanilla descended the staircase, he discovered a little note of pink satin paper entangled in his ruffle. He opened it with curiosity. It was "all soul." He did not return to his hotel quite so soon as he expected.

CHAPTER X.

Popanilla breakfasted rather late the next morning, and on looking over the evening papers, which were just published, his eyes lighted on the following paragraph:—

"Arrived yesterday at the Hotel Diplomatique, His Excellency Prince Popanilla, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the newly recognised State of Fantaisie."

Before his Excellency could either recover from his astonishment, or make any inquiries which might throw any illustration upon its cause, a loud shout in the street made him naturally look out of the window. He ob-

served three or four magnificent equipages drawing up at the door of the hotel, and followed by a large crowd. Each carriage was drawn by four horses, and attended by footmen so radiant with gold and scarlet, that had Popanilla been the late ingenious Mr. Keates, he would have mistaken them for the natural children of Phœbus and Aurora. The Ambassador forgot the irregularity of the paragraph, in the splendour of the liveries. He felt triumphantly conscious that the most beautiful rose in the world must look extremely pale by the side of scarlet cloth; and this new example of the superiority of Art over Nature reminding him of the inferiority of bread fruit to grilled muffin, he resolved to return to breakfast.

But it was his fate to be reminded of the inutility of the best resolutions, for ere the cup of coffee had touched his parched lips, the door of his room flew open, and the Marquess of Moustache was announced.

His Lordship was a young gentleman with

an expressive countenance, that is to say, his face was so covered with hair, and the back of his head cropped so bald, that you generally addressed him in the rear by mistake. He did not speak, but continued bowing for a considerable time, in that diplomatic manner which means so much. By the time he had finished bowing, his suite had gained the apartment; and his Private Secretary, one of those uncommonly able men who only want an opportunity, seized the present one of addressing Popanilla.

Bowing to the late captain with studied respect, he informed him that the Marquess Moustache was the nobleman appointed by the Government of Vraibleusia to attend upon his Excellency during the few first weeks of his mission; with the view of affording him all information upon those objects which might naturally be expected to engage the interest, or attract the attention of so distinguished a personage. The 'ancien marin' and present Ambassador had been so used to miracles, since the loss of

that lock of hair, that he did not think it supernatural, having, during the last few days been in turn a Fantaisian nobleman, a post-captain, a fish, a goddess, and above all, an author, he should now be transformed into a Plenipotentiary. Drinking, therefore, his cup of coffee, he assumed an air as if he really were used to have a Marquess for an attendant, and said that he was at his Lordship's service.

The Marquess bowed very low, and the Private Secretary remarked, that the first thing to be done by his Excellency was to be presented to the Government. After that, he was to visit all the Manufactories in Vraibleusia, subscribe to all the Charities, and dine with all the Corporations, attend a dejeuner à la fourchette at a palace they were at present building under the sea, give a gold plate to be run for on the fashionable race-course, be presented at morning prayers at the Government Chapel, hunt once or twice, give a dinner or two himself, make one pun, and go to the Play; by which

various means, he said, the good understanding between the two countries would be materially increased, and in a manner established.

As the Fantaisian Ambassador and his suite entered their carriages, the sky, if it had not been for the smoke, would certainly have been rent by the acclamations of the mob. "Popanilla for ever!" sounded from all quarters, except where the shout was varied by "Vraibleusia and Fantaisie against the world!" which perhaps was even the most popular sentiment of the two. The Ambassador was quite agitated, and asked the Marquess what he was to do. The Private Secretary told his Excellency to bow. Popanilla bowed with such grace, that in five minutes the horses were taken out of his carriage, and that carriage dragged in triumph by the enthusiastic populace. He continued bowing, and their enthusiasm continued increasing. In the mean time, his Excellency's portrait was sketched by an artist who hung upon his wheel, and in less than half an hour a litho-

graphic likeness of the popular idol was worshipped in every print-shop in Hubbabub.

As they drew nearer the Hall of Audience, the crowd kept increasing, till at length the whole city seemed poured forth to meet him. Although now feeling conscious that he was the greatest man in the Island, and therefore only thinking of himself, Popanilla's attention was nevertheless at this moment attracted by a very singular figure. He was apparently a man: in stature a perfect Patagonian, and robust as a well-fed Ogre. His countenance was jolly, but consequential; and his costume a curious mixture of a hunting-dress and a court suit. He was on foot, and in spite of the crowd, with the aid of a good whip, and his left fist, made his way with great ease. On inquiring who this extraordinary personage might be, Popanilla was informed that it was THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANT. As the giant passed the Ambassador's carriages, the whole suite, even Lord Moustache, rose and bent low; and the Secretary

told Popanilla that there was no person in the Island for whom the government of Vraibleusia entertained so profound a respect.

The crowd was now so immense, that even the progress of the Aboriginal Inhabitant was for a moment impeded. The great man got surrounded by a large body of little mechanics. The contrast between the pale perspiring visages and lean forms of these emaciated and half-generated creatures, and the jolly form, and ruddy countenance, gigantic limbs, and ample frame of the aboriginal, was most striking; nor could any one view the group for an instant, without feeling convinced that the latter was really a superior existence. The mechanics, who were worn by labour, not reduced by famine, far from being miserable, were very impudent. They began rating the mighty one for the dearness of his corn. He received their attacks with great mildness. He reminded them that the regulation by which they procured their bread, was the aboriginal law of

the Island, under which they had all so greatly flourished. He explained to them that it was owing to this protecting principle, that he and his ancestors, having nothing to do but to hunt and shoot, had so preserved their health that, unlike the rest of the human race, they had not degenerated from the original form and nature of man. He showed that it was owing to the vigour of mind and body, consequent upon this fine health, that Vraibleusia had become the wonder of the world, and that they themselves were so actively employed; and he inferred that they surely could not grudge him the income which he derived, since that income was, in fact, the foundation of their own profits. He then satisfactorily demonstrated to them, that if by any circumstances, he were to cease to exist, the whole Island would immediately sink under the sea. Having thus condescended to hold a little parley with his fellow-subjects, though not fellow-creatures, he gave them all a good sound

flogging, and departed, amidst the loud and enthusiastic cheering of those whom he had so briskly lashed.

By this time, Popanilla had arrived at the Hall of Audience.

"It was a vast and venerable pile."

His Excellency and suite quitted their carriages, amidst the renewed acclamations of the mob. Proceeding through a number of courts and quadrangles, which were all crowded with guards and officials, they stopped before a bronze gate of great height. Over it was written, in immense characters of living flame, this inscription:—

TO

THE WISEST AND THE BEST,

THE RICHEST AND THE MIGHTIEST,

THE GLORY AND THE ADMIRATION,

THE DEFENCE AND THE CONSTERNATION.

On reading this mysterious inscription, his Excellency experienced a sudden and awful

shudder. Lord Moustache, however, who was more used to mysteries, taking up a silver trumpet, which was fixed to the portal by a crimson cord, gave a loud blast. The gates flew open with the sound of a whirlwind, and Popanilla found himself in, what at first appeared, an illimitable hall. It was crowded, but the most perfect order was preserved. The Ambassador was conducted with great pomp to the upper end of the apartment, where, after an hour's walk, his Excellency arrived. At the extremity of the hall was a colossal and metallic Statue of extraordinary appearance. It represented an armed monarch. The head, and bust were of gold, and the curling hair was crowned with an imperial diadem: the body and arms were of silver, worked in the semblance of a complete suit of enamelled armour of the feudal ages; and the thighs and legs were of iron, which the artist had clothed in the bandaged hose of the old Saxons. The figure bore the appearance of

great antiquity, but had evidently been often repaired and renovated since its first formation. The workmanship was clearly of different æras, and the reparations, either from ignorance or intention, had often been effected with little deference to the original design. Part of the shoulders had been supplied by the other, though less precious metal, and the Roman and Imperial ornaments had unaccountably been succeeded by the less classic, though more picturesque, decorations of Gothic armour. On the other hand, a great portion of the chivalric and precious material of the body had been removed, and replaced by a style and substance resembling those of the lower limbs. In its right hand, the Statue brandished a naked sword; and with its left, leant upon a huge, though extremely rich and elaborately carved, crosier. It trampled upon a shivered lance and a broken chain.

"Your Excellency perceives," said the Secre-

tary, pointing to the Statue, "that ours is a mixed Government."

Popanilla was informed that this extraordinary Statue enjoyed all the faculties of an intellectual being, with the additional advantage of some faculties, which intellectual beings do not enjoy. It possessed not only the faculty of speech, but of speaking truth—not only the power of judgment, but of judging rightly—not only the habit of listening, but of listening attentively. Its antiquity was so remote, that the most profound and acute antiquarians had failed in tracing back its origin. The Aboriginal Inhabitant, however, asserted that it was the work of one of his ancestors; and as his assertion was confirmed by all traditions, the allegation was received. Whatever might have been its origin, certain it was, that it was now immortal—for it could never die—and to whomsoever it might have been originally indebted for its power, not less sure was it, that it was now

omnipotent, for it could do all things Thus alleged, and thus believed, the Vraibleusians—marvellous and sublime people! who with all the impotence of mortality, have created a Government which is both immortal and omnipotent!

Generally speaking, the Statue was held in great reverence, and viewed with great admiration by the whole Vraibleusian people. There were a very few persons, indeed, who asserted that the creation of such a Statue was by no means so mighty a business as it had been the fashion to suppose: and that it was more than probable, that with the advantages afforded by the scientific discoveries of modern times, they would succeed in making a more useful one. This, indeed, they offered to accomplish, provided the present Statue were preliminarily destroyed; but as they were well assured that this offer would never be accepted, it was generally treated, by those who refused it, as a braggadocio. There were many also, who, though they in general greatly admired and respect-

ed the present Statue, affected to believe that, though the execution was very wonderful, and the interior machinery indeed far beyond the powers of the present age, nevertheless the design was in many parts somewhat rude, and the figure altogether far from being well proportioned. Some thought the head too big—some too small,—some that the body was disproportionately little—others, on the contrary, that it was so much too large, that it had the appearance of being dropsical—others maintained that the legs were too weak for the support of the whole, and that they should be rendered more important and prominent members of the figure; while, on the contrary, there were yet others who cried out, that really these members were already so extravagantly huge, so coarse, and so ungenteel, that they quite marred the general effect of a very beautiful piece of sculpture.

The same differences existed about the comparative excellence of the three metals, and the

portions of the body which they respectively formed. Some admired the gold, and maintained, that if it were not for the head, the Statue would be utterly useless: others preferred the silver, and would assert that the body, which contained all the machinery, must clearly be the most precious portion; while a third party triumphantly argued, that the iron legs which supported both body and head, must surely be the most valuable part, since without them the Statue must fall. The first party advised, that in all future reparations, gold only should be introduced; and the other parties, of course, recommended with equal zeal their own favourite metals. It is observable, however, that if, under these circumstances, the iron race chanced to fail in carrying their point, they invariably voted for gold in preference to silver. But the most contradictory opinions, perhaps, were those which were occasioned by the instruments with which the Statue was armed and supported. Some affected to be so

frightened by the mere sight of the brandished sword, although it never moved, that they pretended it was dangerous to live even under the same sky with it; while others, treating very lightly the terrors of this warlike instrument, would observe, that much more was really to be apprehended from the remarkable strength and thickness of the calm and peace-inspiring crosier; and that as long as the Government was supported by this huge pastoral staff, nothing could prevail against it; that it could dare all things, and even stand without the help of its legs. All these various opinions at least proved, that although the present might not be the most miraculous Statue that could possibly be created, it was nevertheless quite impossible ever to form one which would please all parties.

The care of this wonderful Statue was intrusted to twelve 'Managers,' whose duty it was to wind-up and regulate its complicated machinery, and who answered for its good ma-

nagement by their heads. It was their business to consult the oracle upon all occasions, and by its decisions to administer and regulate all the affairs of the State. They alone were permitted to hear its voice; for the Statue never spoke in public save on very rare occasions, and its sentences were then really so extremely common-place, that had it not been for the deep wisdom of its general conduct, the Vraibleusians would have been almost tempted to believe that they really might exist without the services of the capital member. The twelve Managers surrounded the Statue at a respectful distance; their posts were the most distinguished in the State; and indeed the duties attached to them were so numerous, so difficult, and so responsible, that it required no ordinary abilities to fulfil, and demanded no ordinary courage to aspire to them.

The Fantaisian Ambassador having been presented, took his place on the right hand of

the Statue, next to the Aboriginal Inhabitant, and public business then commenced.

There came forward a messenger, who, knocking his nose three times with great reverence on the floor, a knock for each metal of the figure, thus spoke:—

"O thou wisest and best! thou richest and mightiest! thou glory and admiration! thou defence and consternation!—lo! the King of the North is cutting all his subjects' heads off!"

This announcement produced a great sensation. The Marquess Moustache took snuff; the private secretary said that he had long suspected that this would be the case; and the Aboriginal Inhabitant remarked to Popanilla, that the corn in the North was of an exceedingly coarse grain. While they were making these observations, the twelve Managers had assembled in deep consultation around the Statue, and in a very few minutes the Oracle was prepared. The answer was very simple, but the exordium

was very sublime. It professed that the Vraibleusian nation was the saviour and champion of the world—that it was the first principle of its policy to maintain the cause of any people struggling for their rights as men; and it avowed itself to be the grand patron of civil and religious liberty in all quarters of the globe. Forty-seven battalions of infantry, and eighteen regiments of cavalry, twenty-four sail of the line, seventy transports, and fifteen bomb-ketches, were then ordered to leave Vraibleusia for the North in less than sixty minutes!

"What energy!" said Popanilla; "what decision! what rapidity of execution!"

"Ay!" said the Aboriginal, smacking his thigh, "let them say what they like about their proportions, and mixtures, and metals—abstract nonsense! No one can deny that our Government works well. But see! here comes another messenger!"

"O thou wisest and best! thou richest and mightiest! thou glory and admiration!

thou defence and consternation!—lo! the people of the South have cut their king's head off!"

"Well! I suppose that is exactly what you all want," said the innocent Popanilla.

The private secretary looked mysterious, and said that he was not prepared to answer—that his department never having been connected with this species of business, he was unable at the moment to give his Excellency the requisite information. At the same time, he begged to state, that provided any thing he said should not commit him, he had no objection to answer the question hypothetically. The Aboriginal Inhabitant said that he would have no hypotheses or Jacobins; that he did not approve of cutting off kings' heads; and that the Vraibleusians were the most monarchical people in the world. So saying, he walked up, without any ceremony, to the chief Manager, and taking him by the button, conversed with him some time in a very earnest manner, which made the stocks fall two per cent.

The Statue ordered three divisions of the grand army, and a battering-train of the first grade, off to the South, without the loss of a second. A palace and establishment were immediately directed to be prepared for the family of the murdered monarch; and the commander-in-chief was instructed to make every exertion to bring home the body of his Majesty embalmed. Such an immense issue of pink shells was occasioned by this last expedition that stocks not only recovered themselves, but rose considerably.

The excitement occasioned by this last announcement, instantly evaporated at the sight of a third messenger. He informed the Statue, that the Emperor of the East was unfortunately unable to pay the interest upon his national debt; that his treasury was quite empty, and his resources utterly exhausted. He requested the assistance of the most wealthy, and the most generous of nations; and he offered them as security for their advances, his gold and silver mines; which, for the breadth of their

veins, and the richness of their ores, he said, were unequalled. He added, that the only reason they were unworked, was the exquisite flavour of the water-melons in his empire; which was so delicious, that his subjects of all classes, passing their whole day in devouring them, could be induced neither by force nor persuasion to do any thing else. The cause was so reasonable, and the security so satisfactory, that the Vraibleusian Government felt themselves authorized in shipping off immediately all the gold in the Island. Pink shells abounded, and stocks were still higher.

"You have no mines in Vraibleusia, I believe?" said Popanilla to the Aboriginal.

"No! but we have taxes."

"Very true!" said Popanilla.

"I understand that a messenger has just arrived from the West," said the secretary to the Fantaisian Plenipotentiary. "He must bring interesting intelligence from such interesting countries. Next to ourselves, they are

evidently the most happy, the most wealthy, the most enlightened, and the most powerful Governments in the world. Although founded only last week, they already rank in the very first class of nations. I will send you a little pamphlet to-morrow, which I have just published upon this subject, in which you will see that I have combated, I trust not unsuccessfully, the ridiculous opinions of those cautious statesmen who insinuate that the stability of these Governments is even yet questionable."

The messenger from the Republics of the West now prostrated himself before the Statue. He informed it, that two parties had, unfortunately, broken out in these countries, and threatened their speedy dissolution: that one party maintained, that all human government originated in the *wants* of man; while the other party asserted, that it originated in the *desires* of man. That these factions had become so violent, and so universal, that public business was altogether stopped, trade quite extinct, and the instal-

ments due to Vraibleusia, not forthcoming. Finally, he entreated the wisest and the best of nations to send to these distracted lands some discreet and trusty personages, well instructed in the first principles of government; in order that they might draw up constitutions for the ignorant and irritated multitude.

The private secretary told Popanilla, that this was no more than he had long expected: that all this would subside, and that he should publish a postscript to his pamphlet in a few days, which he begged to dedicate to him.

A whole corps diplomatique, and another shipful of abstract philosophers, principally Scotchmen, were immediately ordered off to the West; and shortly after, to render their first principles still more effective, and their administrative arrangements still more influential, some brigades of infantry, and a detachment of the guards, followed. Free constitutions are apt to be misunderstood until half of the nation are bayoneted, and the rest imprisoned.

As this mighty Vraibleusian nation had, within the last half hour, received intelligence from all quarters of the globe, and interfered in all possible affairs, civil and military, abstract, administrative, diplomatic, and financial, Popanilla supposed that the assembly would now break up. Some petty business, however, remained. War was declared against the King of Sneezeland, for presuming to buy pocket-handkerchiefs of another nation; and the Emperor of Pastilles was threatened with a bombardment for daring to sell his peppers to another people. There were also some dozen commercial treaties to be signed, or canvassed, or cancelled; and a report having got about that there was a rumour that some disturbance had broken out in some parts unknown, a flying expedition was despatched, with sealed orders, to circumnavigate the globe, and arrange affairs. By this time, Popanilla thoroughly understood the meaning of the mysterious inscription.

Just as the assembly was about to be dissolved, another messenger, who, in his agitation, even forgot the accustomed etiquette of salutation, rushed into the presence.

"O most mighty! Sir Bombastes Furioso, who commanded our last expedition, having sailed, in the hurry, with wrong orders, has attacked our ancient ally by mistake, and utterly destroyed him!"

Here was a pretty business for the Best and Wisest! At first the Managers behaved in a manner the most undiplomatic, and quite lost their temper;—they raved, they stormed, they contradicted each other, they contradicted themselves, and swore that Sir Bombastes' head should answer for it. Then they subsided into sulkiness, and at length beginning to suspect that the fault might ultimately attach only to themselves, they got frightened, and held frequent consultations, with pale visages, and quivering lips. After some time they thought they could do nothing wiser than put a good

face upon the affair—whatever might be the result, it was, at any rate, a victory—and a victory would please the vainest of nations: and so these blundering and blustering gentlemen, determined to adopt the Conqueror, whom they were at first weak enough to disclaim—then vile enough to bully—and finally forced to reward. The Statue accordingly whispered a most elaborate panegyric of Furioso, which was of course duly delivered. The Admiral, who was neither a coward nor a fool, was made ridiculous by being described as the greatest commander that ever existed—one whom Nature, in a gracious freak, had made to shame us little men;—a happy compound of the piety of Noah, the patriotism of Themistocles, the skill of Columbus, and the courage of Nelson—and his exploit styled the most glorious and unrivalled victory that was ever achieved, even by the Vraibleusians! Honors were decreed in profusion, a general illumination ordered for the next twenty nights, and an expedition

immediately despatched to attack the right man.

All this time the conquerors were in waiting in an anti-room, in great trepidation, and fully prepared to be cashiered or cut in quarters. They were rather surprised, when bowing to the ground, they were saluted by some half dozen Lords in waiting, as the greatest heroes of the age, congratulated upon their famous achievements, and humbly requested to appear in the Presence.

The warriors accordingly walked up in procession to the Statue, who, opening its mighty mouth, vomited forth a flood of ribbons, stars, and crosses, which were divided among the valiant band. This oral discharge, the Vraibleusians called "the fountain of honour."

Scarcely had the mighty Furioso and his crew disappeared, than a body of individuals arrived at the top of the hall, and placing themselves opposite the Managers, began rating them for their inefficient administration of the

Island, and expatiated on the inconsistency of their late conduct to the conquering Bombastes. The Managers defended themselves in a manner perfectly in character with their recent behaviour: but their opponents were not easily satisfied with their confused explanations and their explained confusions, and the speeches on both sides grew warmer. At length the opposition proceeded to expel the administration from their places by force, and an eager scuffle between the two parties now commenced. The general body of spectators continued only to observe, and did not participate in the fray. At first, this melée only excited amusement; but as it lengthened, some wisely observed that public business greatly suffered by these private squabbles; and some even ventured to imagine that the safety of the Statue might be implicated by their continuance. But this last fear was futile.

Popanilla asked the private secretary, which party he thought would ultimately succeed.

The private secretary said, that if the present Managers retained their places, he thought that they would not go out; but if, on the other hand, they were expelled by the present opposition, it was probable that the present opposition would become Managers. The Aboriginal thought both parties equally incompetent; and told Popanilla some long stories about a person who was chief Manager in his youth, about five hundred years ago, to whom he said he was indebted for all his political principles, which did not surprise Popanilla.

At this moment a noise was heard throughout the hall, which made his Excellency believe that something untoward had again happened, and that another conqueror by mistake, had again arrived. A most wonderful being galloped up to the top of the apartment. It was half man and half horse. The secretary told Popanilla that this was the famous Centaur Chiron; that his Horseship, having wearied of his ardent locality in the constellations, had de-

scended some years back to the Island of Vraibleusia; that he had commanded the armies of the nation in all the great wars, and had gained every battle in which he had ever been engaged. Chiron was no less skilful, he said, in civil, than in military affairs; but the Vraibleusians, being very jealous of allowing themselves to be governed by their warriors, the Centaur had lately been out of employ. While the secretary was giving him this information, Popanilla perceived that the great Chiron was attacking the combatants on both sides. The tutor of Achilles, Hercules, and Æneas, of course, soon succeeded in kicking them all out, and constituted himself chief and sole Manager of the Statue. Some grumbled at this autocratic conduct "upon principle," but they were chiefly connexions of the expelled. The great majority, wearied with public squabbles, occasioned by private ends, rejoiced to see the public interest entrusted to an individual who had a reputation to lose. Intelligence of the appoint-

ment of the Centaur was speedily diffused throughout the Island, and produced great and general satisfaction. There were a few, indeed, impartial personages, who had no great taste for Centaurs in civil capacities; from an apprehension, that if he could not succeed in persuading them by his eloquence, his Grace might chance to use his heels.

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† I have greatly abridged this chapter, which runs upon matters which cannot interest the English reader. There follows in the original "a comparison between martial and field-marshal Law," which I have omitted, as I cannot annex any meaning to it. Though, by the latter phrase, we can scarcely suppose that any allusion is intended to that "ingenious young gentleman," whose disappearance was so feelingly deplored at the commencement of the present session by the lively Member for Winchelsea.

CHAPTER XI.

On the evening of his presentation day, his Excellency the Fantaisian Ambassador and suite honoured the national theatre with their presence. Such a house was never known! The pit was miraculously overflown before the doors were opened, although the proprietor did not permit a single private entrance: the enthusiasm was universal, and only twelve persons were killed. The private secretary told Popanilla, with an air of great complacency, that the Vraibleusian theatres were the largest in the world. Popanilla had little doubt of the truth of this information, as a long time elapsed before he could even discover the stage.

He observed that every person in the theatre carried a long black glass, which he kept perpetually fixed to his eye. To sit in a huge room hotter than a glass-house, in a posture emulating the most sanctified Faquir, with a throbbing head-ache, a breaking back, and twisted legs, with a heavy tube held over one eye, and the other covered with the unemployed hand, is, in Vraibleusia, called a public amusement.

The play was by the most famous dramatist that Vraibleusia ever produced; and certainly, when his Excellency witnessed the first scenes, it was easier to imagine that he was once more in his own sunset Isle of Fantaisie, than in the rail-road state of Vraibleusia: but, unfortunately, this evening the principal characters and scenes were omitted, to make room for a moving panorama, which lasted some hours, of the chief and most recent Vraibleusian victories. The audience fought their battles o'er again with great fervour. During the play,

one of the inferior actors was supposed to have saluted a female chorus-singer with an ardour which was more than theatrical, and every lady in the house immediately fainted; because, as the eternal Secretary told Popanilla, the Vraibleusians are the most modest and most moral nation in the world. The male part of the audience insisted, in very indignant terms, that the offending performer should immediately be dismissed. In a few minutes he appeared upon the stage to make a most humble apology, for an offence which he was not conscious of having committed; but the most moral, and the most modest of nations was implacable, and the wretch was expelled. Having a large family dependent upon his exertions, the actor, according to a custom prevalent in Vraibleusia, went immediately and drowned himself in the nearest river. Then the ballet commenced.

It was soon discovered that the chief dancer, a most celebrated foreigner, who had been announced for this evening, was absent. The up-

roar was tremendous, and it was whispered that the house would be pulled down; because, as Popanilla was informed, the Vraibleusians are the most particular and the freest people in the world, and never will permit themselves to be treated with disrespect. The principal chandelier having been destroyed, the manager appeared, and regretted that Signor Zephyrino, being engaged to dine with a Grandee of the first class, was unable to fulfil his engagement. The house became frantic, and the terrified manager sent immediately for the Signor. The artist, after a proper time had elapsed, appeared with a napkin round his neck, and a silver fork in his hand, with which he stood some moments, until the uproar had subsided, picking his teeth. At length, when silence was obtained, he told them that he was surprised that the most polished and liberal nation in the world should behave themselves in such a brutal and narrow-minded manner. He threatened them, that he would throw up his engagement im-

mediately, and announce to all foreign parts that they were a horde of barbarians; then abusing them for a few seconds in round terms, he retired amidst the cheerings of the whole house, to finish his wine.

When the performances were finished, the audience rose and joined in chorus. On Popanilla inquiring the name and nature of this effusion, he was told that it was the national air of the Isle of Fantaisie, sung in compliment to himself. His Excellency shrugged his shoulders, and bowed very low.

The next morning, attended by his suite, Popanilla visited the most considerable public offices and manufactories in Hubbabub. He was received in all places with the greatest distinction. He was invariably welcomed either by the chiefs of the department, or the proprietors themselves, and a sumptuous collation was prepared for him in every place. His Excellency evinced the liveliest interest in every thing that was pointed out to him, and instantaneously perceived that

the Vraibleusians exceeded the rest of the world in manufactures and public works, as much as they did in arms, morals, modesty, philosophy, and politics. The private secretary being absent upon his postscript, Popanilla received the most satisfactory information upon all subjects from the Marquess himself. Whenever he addressed any question to his Lordship, his noble attendant, with the greatest politeness, begged him to take some refreshment. Popanilla returned to his hotel with a great admiration of the manner in which refined philosophy in Vraibleusia was applied to the common purposes of life; and found that he had that morning acquired a general knowledge of the chief arts and sciences, eaten three hundred sandwiches, and tasted as many bottles of sherry.

CHAPTER XII.

The most commercial nation in the world was now busily preparing to diffuse the blessings of civilization and competition thoughout the native country of their newly acquired friend. The greatest exporters that ever existed had never been acquainted with such a subject for exportation as the Isle of Fantaisie. There, every thing was wanted. It was not a partial demand which was to be satisfied, nor a particular deficiency which was to be supplied; but a vast population was thoroughly to be furnished with every article which a vast population must require. From the manufacturer of steam-engines, to the manufacturer of stock-

ings, all were all alike employed. There was no branch of trade in Vraibleusia which did not equally rejoice at this new opening for commercial enterprise, and which was not equally interested in this new theatre for Vraibleusian industry, Vraibleusian invention, Vraibleusian activity, and above all, Vraibleusian competition.

Day and night, the whole Island was employed in preparing for the great fleet, and in huzzaing Popanilla. When at home, every ten minutes he was obliged to appear in the balcony, and then with hand on heart, and hat in hand—ah! that bow! that perpetual motion of popularity! If a man love ease, let him be most unpopular. The Managers did the impossible to assist and advance the intercourse between the two nations. They behaved in a most liberal and enlightened manner, and a deputation of the most liberal and enlightened merchants consequently waited upon them with a vote of thanks. They issued so many pink

shells, that the price of the public funds was doubled, and affairs arranged so skilfully, that money was universally declared to be worth nothing,—so that every one in the Island, from the Premier down to the mendicant, whom the lecture-loving Skindeep threatened with the bastinado, was enabled to participate, in some degree, in the approaching venture—if we should use so dubious a term in speaking of profits so very certain.

Compared with the Fantaisian connection, the whole commerce of the world appeared to the Vraibleusians a retail business. All other customers were neglected or discarded, and each individual seemed to concentrate his resources to supply the wants of a country where they dance by moonlight, live on fruit, and sleep on flowers. At length the first fleet of five hundred sail, laden with the most wonderful specimens of Vraibleusian mechanism, and the most innumerable bales of Vraibleusian manufactures; articles raw and refined, goods dry and damp,

wholesale and retail; silks and woollen cloths; cottons, cutlery and camlets; flannels and ladies albums; under-waistcoats, kid-gloves, engravings, coats, cloaks, and ottomans; lamps and looking-glasses; sofas, round-tables, equipages and scent-bottles; fans and tissue-flowers; porcelain, poetry, novels, newspapers, and cookery books; bears-grease, blue pills, and bijouterie; arms, beards, poodles, pages, mustachios, court-guides and bon-bons; music, pictures, ladies' maids, scrap-books, buckles, boxing-gloves, guitars, and snuff-boxes; together with a company of Opera-singers, a band of comedians, a popular preacher, some quacks, lecturers, artists, and literary gentlemen—principally sketch-book men—quitted, one day, with a favourable wind, and amid the exultation of the inhabitants, the port of Hubbabub!

When his Excellency Prince Popanilla, heard of the contents of this stupendous cargo, notwithstanding his implicit confidence in the superior genius and useful knowledge of the Vrai-

bleusians, he could not refrain from expressing a doubt, whether, in the present undeveloped state of his native land, any returns could be made proportionate to so curious and elaborate an importation: but whenever he ventured to intimate his opinion to any of the most commercial nation in the world, he was only listened to with an incredulous smile, which seemed to pity his inexperience; or told, with an air of profound self-complacency, that in Fantaisie "there must be great resources."

In the mean time, public companies were formed for working the mines, colonizing the waste lands, and cutting the coral rocks of the Indian Isle, of all which associations Popanilla was chosen Director by acclamation. These, however, it must be confessed, were speculations of a somewhat doubtful nature; but the Branch Bank Society of the Isle of Fantaisie really held out the most flattering prospects.

When the fleet had sailed, they gave Popanilla a public dinner. It was attended by all

the principal men in the Island, and he made a speech, which was received in a rather different manner than was his sunset oration, by the monarch whom he now represented. Fantaisie, and its accomplished Envoy, were at the same time the highest and the universal fashion. The ladies sang *à la Syrene;* dressed their hair *à la Mermede*, and themselves *à la Fantastique;* which, by the bye, was not new: and the gentlemen wore boa-constrictor cravats, and waltzed *à la mer Indienne*—a title probably suggested by a remembrance of the dangers of the sea.

It was soon discovered, that without taking into consideration the average annual advantages which would necessarily spring from their new connexion, the profits which must accrue upon the present expedition alone, had already doubled the capital of the Island. Every body in Vraibleusia had either made a fortune, or laid the foundation of one. The penniless had become prosperous, and the principal merchants and manufacturers having realized large

capitals, retired from business. But the colossal fortunes were made by the gentlemen who had assisted the administration in raising the price of the public funds, and in managing the issues of the pink shells. The effect of this immense increase of the national wealth, and of this creation of new and powerful classes of society, was speedily felt. Great moves to the westward were perpetual, and a variety of sumptuous squares and streets were immediately run up in that chosen land. Butlers were at a premium; coach-makers never slept; card-engravers, having exhausted copper, had recourse to steel; and the demand for arms at the Heralds' College was so great, that even the mystical genius of Garter was exhausted, and hostile meetings were commenced between the junior members of some ancient families, to whom the same crest had been unwittingly apportioned; but the seconds interfering, they discovered themselves to be relations. All the eldest sons were immediately to get into Parliament, and

all the younger ones as quickly into the Guards: and the simple Fantaisian Envoy, who had the peculiar felicity of taking every thing *au pied du lettre*, made a calculation, that if these arrangements were duly effected, in a short time, the Vraibleusian representatives would exceed the Vraibleusian represented; and that there would be at least three officers in the Vraibleusian Guards to every private. Judging from the beards and mustachios which now abounded, this great result was near at hand. With the snub nose, which is the characteristic of the Millionaires, these appendages produce a pleasing effect.

When the excitement had a little subsided; when their mighty mansions were magnificently furnished; when their bright equipages were fairly launched, and the due complement of their liveried retainers perfected; when, in short, they had imitated the aristocracy in every point in which wealth could rival blood: then the new people discovered with dismay

that one thing was yet wanting, which treasure could not purchase, and which the wit of others could not supply—Manner. In homely phrase, the Millionaires did not know how to behave themselves. Accustomed to the counting-house, the factory, or the exchange, they looked queer in saloons; said "Sir!" when they addressed you; and seemed stiff, and hard, and hot. Then the solecisms they committed in more formal society, oh! they were outrageous; and a leading article in an eminent journal, was actually written upon the subject. I dare not write the deeds they did; but it was whispered, that when they drank wine, they filled their glasses to the very brim. All this delighted the old class, who were as envious of their riches, as the new people were emulous of their style.

In any other country except Vraibleusia, persons so situated would have consoled themselves for their disagreeable position, by a consciousness that their posterity would not be

annoyed by the same deficiencies: but the wonderful Vraibleusian people resembled no other, even in their failings. They determined to acquire in a day, that which had hitherto been deemed the gradual consequence of tedious education.

A "Society for the Diffusion of Fashionable Knowledge," was announced; the Millionaires looked triumphantly mysterious; the aristocrats quizzed. The object of the society is intimated by its title; and the method by which its institutors proposed to attain this object, was the periodical publication of pamphlets, under the superintendence of a competent committee. The first treatise appeared:—its subject was NONCHALANCE. It instructed its students ever to appear inattentive in the society of men, and heartless when they conversed with women. It taught them not to understand a man if he were witty; to misunderstand him if he were eloquent; to yawn or stare, if he chanced to elevate his voice, or pre-

sumed to ruffle the placidity of the social calm, by addressing his fellow-creatures with teeth unparted. Excellence was never to be recognized, but only disparaged with a look:—an opinion or a sentiment, and the *nonchalant* was lost for ever. For these, he was to substitute a smile like a damp sunbeam, a moderate curl of the upper lip, and the all-speaking and perpetual shrug of the shoulders. By a skilful management of these qualities, it was shown to be easy to ruin another's reputation, and ensure your own, without ever opening your mouth. To woman, this exquisite treatise said much in few words:—"Listlessness, listlessness, listlessness," was the edict by which the most beautiful works of nature were to be regulated, who are only truly charming when they make us feel, and feel themselves. "Listlessness, listlessness, listlessness;" for when you choose not to be listless, the contrast is so striking, that the triumph must be complete.

The treatise said much more, which I shall

omit. It forgot, however, to remark, that this vaunted Nonchalance may be the offspring of the most contemptible and the most odious of passions: and that while it may be exceedingly refined to appear uninterested when others are interested, to witness excellence without emotion, and to listen to genius without animation, the heart of the Insensible may as often be inflamed by Envy, as inspired by Fashion.

Dissertations "On leaving cards," "On cutting intimate friends," "On cravats," "On dinner-courses," "On poor relations," "On bores," "On lions," were announced as speedily to appear. In the meantime, the Essay on Nonchalance produced the very best effects. A ci-devant stock-broker cut a Duke dead at his club, the day after its publication; and his daughter yawned, while his Grace's eldest son, the Marquess, made her an offer as she was singing "Di tanti palpiti." The aristocrats got a little frightened, and when an eminent hop-merchant and his lady had asked a dozen

Countesses to dinner, and forgot to be at home to receive them, the old class left off quizzing.

The pamphlets, however, continued issuing forth, and the new people advanced at a rate which was quite awful. They actually began to originate some ideas of their own; and there was a whisper among the leaders, of voting the aristocrats old-fashioned. The Diffusion Society now caused these exalted personages the greatest anxiety and uneasiness. They argued, that Fashion was a relative quality; that it was quite impossible, and not to be expected, that all people were to aspire to be fashionable; that it was not in the nature of things, and that if it were, society could not exist; that the more their imitators advanced, the more they should baffle their imitations; that a first and fashionable class was a necessary consequence of the organization of man; and that a line of demarcation would for ever be drawn between them and the other Islanders. The warmth and eagerness with which they maintained and

promulgated their opinions, might have tempted, however, an impartial person to suspect that they secretly entertained some doubts of their truth and soundness.

On the other hand, the other party maintained that Fashion was a positive quality; that the moment a person obtained a certain degree of refinement, he, or she, became, in fact, and essentially, fashionable: that the views of the old class were most unphilosophical and illiberal, and unworthy of an enlightened age; that men are equal, and that every thing is open to every body; and that when we take into consideration the nature of man, the origin of society, and a few other things, and duly consider the constant inclination and progression towards perfection which mankind evince—there was no reason why, in the course of time, the whole nation should not go to Almack's on the same night.

At this moment of doubt and dispute, the Government of Vraibleusia, with that spirit of

conciliation and liberality, and that perfect wisdom, for which it had been long celebrated, caring very little for the old class, whose interest it well knew was to support it, and being exceedingly desirous of engaging the affections of the new race, declared in their favour; and acting on that sublime scale of measures, for which this great nation has always been so famous, the Statue issued an edict, that a new literature should be invented, in order at once to complete the education of the Millionaires, and the triumph of the Romantic over the Classic School of Manners.

The most eminent writers were, as usual, in the pay of the Government, and BURLINGTON, A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE, in three volumes, post octavo, was sent forth. Two or three similar works, bearing titles equally euphonious and aristocratic, were published daily; and so exquisite was the style of these productions, so naturally artificial the construction of their plots, and so admirably inventive the

conception of their characters, that many who had been repulsed by the somewhat abstract matter and arid style of the treatises, seduced by the interest of a story, and by the dazzling delicacies of a charming style, really now picked up a considerable quantity of very useful knowledge; so that when the delighted students had eaten some fifty or sixty imaginary dinners in my lord's dining-room, and whirled some fifty or sixty imaginary waltzes in my lady's dancing-room, there was scarcely a brute left among the whole Millionaires. But what produced the most beneficial effects on the new people, and excited the greatest indignation and despair among the old class, were some volumes which the Government, with the most shocking machiavelism, bribed some needy scions of nobility to scribble, and which revealed certain secrets vainly believed to be quite sacred and inviolable.

CHAPTER XIII.

About this time, a rather curious incident occurred to Popanilla, which should not perhaps be unnoticed.

One day, walking incognito, a habit quite refreshing to fêted characters, his Excellency found himself in a street of unusual magnitude, and which was entirely formed of the largest and most magnificent palaces that he had ever seen. Not a human being was visible, perfect silence prevailed, and had a professor of the ambitious school of writing been on the spot instead of the Fantaisian Ambassador, he would infallibly have been inspired, and written a highly imaginative paper, called "The City of

the Dead!" His Excellency was rather surprised that he had never before had the pleasure of walking in a street which was apparently the most splendid in the whole city; but his surprise was lessened, when he was informed by an ancient man, whom he had now discovered, that the greater part of the structures had risen during the preceding night. The old man, not having any teeth, Popanilla found it impossible to extract any thing further from him.

As he proceeded, his attention was attracted by an elevation, remarkable as a very beautiful specimen of his own favourite style of architecture—the Ionic Gothic; and he paused to indulge his eye with the soothing harmony of its proportions, and the apposite beauty of its ornaments. The portal was wide open—invitingly so—and the curious Popanilla, an epithet which diplomatic characters should really never merit, ventured to enter.

He found himself in a long passage, lined

with servants in very splendid liveries, who crossed themselves as he passed with downcast eyes, but said nothing. They were so very respectful, that he still ventured to walk on. He came to a cut-glass door, which must have been full twenty feet high. The sunshine made it more brilliant than a peacock's tail. No sooner had he arrived at it, than it flew open, and two African mutes, clad in lion-skins, prostrated themselves before him; and, though in the freest country in the world, licked his feet. His Excellency was very confused, but as the fellows could not answer his questions, he could do nothing but proceed.

He found himself in a most sumptuous saloon, hung with white satin, figured with gold, full of suitable furniture, and containing the largest and richest lustres that he ever remembered beholding.

He now arrived at a door, corresponding to the previous one of cut-glass. It flew open, and two Greek boys, in the rich and picturesque costume of the Islands, bent before him. They

were not mutes, but only spoke Greek, which Popanilla having forgotten, he could still do nothing else but walk on. The present saloon was even of a more gorgeous character than the preceding one. It was hung with maroon velvet, powdered with pearls; and from the centre of the ceiling was suspended a lantern of mother-of-pearl and rubies, of prodigious size and inestimable value.

The adventurer, extremely confused, now advanced to a door of ebony with an ivory lock and ivory hinges; it of course flew open, and Popanilla rather recovered his courage, when he was welcomed by two men-cooks with white silk aprons and cachemere shawls twisted round their heads. The present was a banqueting chamber. A most costly entertainment was served up for at least five hundred persons, and behind each chair, all in the same rich livery, stood a serving-man, highly powdered, and at least six feet three. It was a most magnificent banquet, and the second course was serving up as Popanilla entered. Every thing was there

which can make a banquet delightful except guests: not a man, woman, or child, was seated at the tables. Although this was actually astonishing, an opportunity was at length afforded of receiving an explanation of all these mysteries, and so Popanilla immediately addressed himself to the nearest attendant. The man did not even open his mouth, but pointed with great respect to a large statue of Harpocrates, placed in the centre of the sideboard. Popanilla now perceived, with infinite horror, that he was in an enchanted palace.

The Plenipotentiary gazed about him with a look of the most ludicrous perplexity. Suddenly observing a small door at no great distance, which did not appear important enough to be opened either by Africans or Greeks, treading lightly on tip-toe, Popanilla effected his escape, and found himself in a dark passage. A twinkling light, which never deserts a puzzled hero of romance, even in the darkest passages, encouraged him to push forward, and a

door opening, he emerged into the largest library that it was ever his misfortune to enter. The painted windows threw such a solemn light into the apartment, that Popanilla did not at first observe the only individual it contained; one, who was apparently the librarian, and at present earnestly engaged in making a catalogue of the tomes, entrusted to his superintendence. The busied custos never raised his head from off the sheet on which he was employed; and although Popanilla, having tried a whisper, and failed even in an exclamation, at length ventured almost to shout, he received no answer, and as little notice. After some time, the Prince, who was growing desperate, walked up to his silent companion and dared to touch his shoulder; upon which the librarian taking out of his pocket a trumpet of considerable length, applied it to his ear."

"Good friend," halloed Popanilla, "where am I? who are you? and how can I get out?"

The gentleman shook his head, because not being accustomed to the Fantaisian accent, he could attach no meaning to the strange sounds which had reached his obdurate organ. Popanilla could do nothing else but repeat, in a still louder and more unintelligible tone, his useless queries. A ray of meaning lit up the countenance of the deaf man. He nodded with an air of great complacency, and evidently understood the querist. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door at the extreme end of the library, and Popanilla, delighted to escape, returned his rescuer his most grateful thanks, and slamming the door behind him, skipped into—— a picture gallery!

What a Charybdis! The Prince had no love for art. His career had been too rapid to allow him sufficient leisure to form a taste. Doubtless, in good time, he would become as complete a connoisseur as the rest—detect a Wouvermans by the white horse—recognize a sunset Claude—almost know an Albano—and discriminate be-

tween the second first manner, and the first third manner of Raffaello!

At present, however, his Excellency was as little interested by the collection, as the British nation by their National Gallery. A retreat, although he desired one as ardently as the English do the island of Cuba, was rendered impossible alike by the soundness of the lock and the deafness of the librarian. An exit by the windows might be practicable. He examined them; before him were chimneys, beneath him were skylights. To escape from this gallery appeared as impossible as to fly from Paraquay. Popanilla entertained for a moment some thoughts of trying the chimney, but he was a rather broad-shouldered hero; and then an ambassador covered with soot! what would the young gentlemen of the Foreign Office say, if they heard of it? It must not be thought of. In his despair he leant against a very fine copy of Corregio, which would have exactly suited us in this country. The hanging yielded to his

pressure, and his Excellency stumbled into a billiard-room. He began to breathe again; and giving the fascinating balls a touch as he passed the table, in two minutes he was in a private chapel. Now he got on rapidly—dashed through half a dozen unfurnished apartments—ran over a venerable dame, who was probably the housekeeper—rattled along a gallery and a dark passage—came to the foot of a magnificent staircase—cantered up—gained a landing-place—doors on both sides—cantered down—reached a passage—pushed open a door—and puffing, panting, and perspiring, threw himself upon a white satin sofa, in the white satin saloon.

"Good heavens! what can be the matter with your Excellency?" exclaimed a voice, which proceeded from a gentleman who was writing at a distant table.

Popanilla looked up, and perceived the very intelligent individual who had written his travels for him.

"Ah! my dear friend, are you caught too?

Where am I?—What are you?—How can I get out?"

The intelligent individual who, if Popanilla had not been an ambassador, would have thought him mad, very courteously approached him, and tendered his services in any imaginable way. But his Excellency seemed quite confounded, and could do nothing but advise the intelligent individual to make as speedy a retreat out of this enchanted place as possible.

"I cannot understand," said the intelligent individual.

"Get out as soon as you can!" said Popanilla, not even listening to him.

"What can—"

"Particularly beware of an old fellow who is as deaf as a post."

"Really, your Excellency!"

"But if you do get in—push the Corregio!"

"Is it possible that—"

"Push! push! push!"—

"I confess I am puzzled."

"Then keep to your right."

At length, Popanilla being a little exhausted, the intelligent individual succeeded in introducing a sentence.

"I had no idea your Excellency was a member!"

"A member! what member? I am no member!"

"Is it possible, then, that they could have presumed to blackball such an eminent character? Really, this black-balling system gets 'too bad.'"

"Blackballs, my good friend!" exclaimed Popanilla, looking as puzzled as when he saw the second course without any coursers; "Ah! you mean those confounded Africans!"

"Africans, your Excellency! This is the Asiatic club!"

"Club, Sir!" said Popanilla, "and pray what is a Club?"

"I see that there is a little misconception here," said the intelligent individual, on whom

light now began to dawn. "Your Excellency has probably honoured us by mistake. You must now, however, allow me to consider you as my visitor, and let me recommend you a bath and a bottle of soda!"

When the first had been taken, and while the second was preparing, the author of his travels proceeded to give the traveller some little information respecting the nature of those institutions, of which one had this morning occasioned him so much embarrassment. He informed him, that a Club consisted of a certain number of men, who subscribed certain sums for the purpose of securing select society; that the Vraibleusian nation was more addicted to select society than any people in the world; and that there was no possible sum which a Vraibleusian gentleman would not pay to enter select society, particularly if he himself were a person extremely ineligible. He said, that the present club, which was by no means the largest in Vraibleusia, numbered about ten thousand

members; that the street, which he had so much admired, entirely consisted of these establishments, which had greatly increased since the late realization of the great fortunes. There was, he said, the European Club, the Asiatic Club, the African Club, and the American Club, besides numerous other clubs, which respectively derived their titles from some country or region in these four quarters of the globe. There were also, he said, some miscellaneous establishments, such as the Yawners, the Loungers, the Steeple-hunters, the Rat catchers, which was a political club, and the Quizzers. He said, that a man's moral character in Vraibleusia, was estimated by the number of clubs of which he was a member; and that Popanilla was not to suppose that each of the establishments he had mentioned was founded and supported by a separate body of individuals: on the contrary, the same ten thousand, generally speaking, sufficed for the whole fifty establishments. He also observed,

that it was the fashion for no man in Vraibleusia ever to appear at a club, lest it should be supposed, by his being seen at any particular establishment, that he was not a member of another one at which he was not seen. The moment, therefore, that any individual was elected, he never came near the house for which he paid to enter; but as this was etiquette, and not law, the establishment was maintained on a scale suitable to a most refined and numerous society; and sumptuous banquets of three courses were served every day at different hours, for a considerable number of guests. These entertainments, he said, were called house-dinners, because nobody ever dined at them. Finally, he observed, that being himself a man addicted to abstract studies, and therefore fond of Solitude, he generally lived at his Club.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHORTLY after the sailing of the great fleet, the Private Secretary engaged in a speculation, which was rather more successful than any one contained in his pamphlet on "The Present State of the Western Republics."

One morning, as he and Popanilla were walking on a quay, and deliberating on the clauses of the projected commercial treaty between Vraibleusia and Fantaisie, the Secretary suddenly stopped, as if he had seen his father's ghost, or lost the thread of his argument, and asked Popanilla, with an air of suppressed agitation, whether he observed any thing in the distance. Popanilla, who, like all savages, was

very long-sighted, applying to his eye the glass, which, in conformity to the custom of the country, he always wore round his neck, confessed that he saw nothing. The Secretary, who had never unfixed his glance, nor moved a step, since he asked the question, at length, by pointing with his finger, attracted Popanilla's attention to what his Excellency conceived to be a porpoise bobbing up and down in the waves. The Secretary, however, was not of the same opinion as the Ambassador. He was not very communicative, indeed, as to his own opinion upon this grave subject, but he talked of making farther observations when the tide went down; and was so listless, abstracted, and absent, during the rest of their conversation, that it soon ceased, and they speedily parted.

The next day, when Popanilla read the morning papers, a feat which he regularly performed—for spelling the newspaper was quite delicious to one who had so recently learned to

read,—he found that they spoke of nothing but of the discovery of a new Island, information of which had been received by the Government only the preceding night. The Fantaisian Ambassador turned quite pale, and for the first time in his life experienced the passion of jealousy—the green-eyed monster, so called from only being experienced by green-horns. Already the prominent State he represented seemed to retire to the back-ground. He did not doubt that the Vraibleusians were the most capricious, as well as the most commercial nation in the world. His reign was evidently over. The new Island would send forth a Prince still more popular. His allowance of pink shells would be gradually reduced, and finally withdrawn. His doubts, also, as to the success of the recent expedition to Fantaisie, began to revive. His rising reminiscences of his native land, which, with the joint assistance of popularity and philosophy, he had hitherto succeeded in stifling, were indeed awkward.

He could not conceive his mistress with a page and a poodle. He feared much that the cargo was not very well assorted. Popanilla determined to inquire after his canoe.

His courage, however, was greatly re-assured, when, on reading the second edition, he learned, that the new Island was not of a very considerable size, though most eligibly situated; and moreover, that it was perfectly void of inhabitants. When the third edition was published, he found, to his surprise, that the Private Secretary was the great discoverer of this opposition Island. This puzzled the Plenipotentiary greatly. He read on;—he found that this new acquisition, upon which all Vraibleusia was congratulated in such glowing terms by all its journals, actually produced nothing. His Excellency began to breathe:—another paragraph, and he found that the rival Island was—a rock! He remembered the porpoise of yesterday. The Island certainly could not be very large, even at low-water. Popanilla

once more felt like a Prince: he defied all the discovererers that could ever exist. He thought of the great resources of the great country he represented with proud satisfaction. He awaited with the most easy confidence the return of the fleet which had carried out the most judicious assortment, with which he had ever been acquainted, to the readiest market of which he had any knowledge. He had no doubt his mistress would look most charmingly in a barege. Popanilla determined to present his canoe to the National Museum.

Although his Excellency had existed in the highest state of astonishment during his whole mission to Vraibleusia, it must be confessed, now that he understood his companion's question of yesterday, he particularly stared. His wonder was not decreased in the evening, when the Government Gazette appeared. It contained an order for the immediate fortification of the new Island by the most skilful engineers, without estimates. A strong garrison was instantly

embarked. A Governor, and a Deputy-governor, and Storekeepers, more plentiful than stores, were to accompany them. The Private Secretary went out as President of Council. A Bishop was promised; and a complete Court of Judicature, Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, were to be off the next week. It is only due to the characters of courtiers, who are so often reproached with ingratitude to their patrons, to record, that the Private Secretary, in the most delicate manner, placed at the disposal of his former employer, the Marquess Moustache, the important office of Agent for the Indemnification claims of the original Inhabitants of the Island. The post being a sinecure, the income being considerable, and local attendance being unnecessary, the noble Lord, in a manner equally delicate, appointed himself.

"Upon what system," one day inquired that unwearied political student, the Fantaisian Ambassador, of his old friend Skindeep, "does

your Government surround a small rock in the middle of the sea with fortifications, and cram it full of clerks, soldiers, lawyers, and priests?"

"Why, really, your Excellency, I am the last man in the world to answer questions, but, I believe, we call it THE COLONIAL SYSTEM!"

Before the President, and Governor, and Deputy-governor, and Storehousekeepers had embarked, the Vraibleusian journals, who thought that the public had been satiated with congratulations on the Colonial System, detected that the present colony was a job. Their reasoning was so convincing, and their denunciations so impressive, that the Managers got frightened, and cut off one of the Deputy-storekeepers. The President of Council now got more frightened than the Managers. He was one of those men who think that the world can be saved by writing a pamphlet. A pamphlet accordingly appeared upon the subject of the new colony. The writer showed, that the debateable land was the most valuable ac-

quisition ever attained by a nation famous for their acquisitions; that there was a spring of water in the middle of the rock of a remarkable freshness, and which was never dry, except during the summer, and the earlier winter months; that all our outward-bound ships would experience infinite benefit from this fresh water; that the scurvy would therefore disappear from the service; and that all the naval victories which the Vraibleusians would gain in future wars, would consequently be occasioned by the present colony. No one could mistake the felicitous reasoning of the author of "The Present State of the Western Republics!"

About this time Popanilla fell ill. He lost his appetite and his spirits, and his digestion was sadly disordered. His friends endeavoured to console him by telling him, that dyspepsia was the national disease of Vraibleusia; that its connexion with civil and religious liberty was indissoluble; that every man, woman, and

child, above fifteen, in the Island, was a martyr to it; that it was occasioned by their rapid mode of dispatching their meals, which again was occasioned by the little time which the most active nation in the world could afford to bestow upon such a losing business as eating.

All this was no consolation to a man who had lost his appetite; and so Popanilla sent for a gentleman, who, he was told, was the most eminent physician in the Island. The most eminent physician, when he arrived, would not listen to a single syllable that his patient wished to address to him. He told Popanilla, that his disorder was "decidedly liver;" that it was occasioned by his eating his meat before his bread, instead of after it; and drinking at the end of the first course, instead of the beginning of the second; that he had only to correct these ruinous habits, and that he would then regain his tone.

Popanilla observed the instructions of the minent physician to the very letter. He in-

variably eat his bread before his meat, and watched the placing of the first dish of the second course upon the table ere he ventured to refresh himself with any liquid. At the end of a week he was infinitely worse.

He now called in a gentleman who was recommended to him as the most celebrated practitioner in all Vraibleusia. The most celebrated practitioner listened with great attention to every particular that his patient had to state; but never condescended to open his own mouth. Popanilla was delighted, and revenged himself for the irritability of the eminent physician. After two more visits, the most celebrated practitioner told Popanilla that his disorder was "unquestionably nervous;" that he had over-excited himself by talking too much; that in future he must count five between each word he uttered, never ask any questions, and avoid society—that is, never stay at any evening-party on any consideration later than twenty-two minutes past two, and never be induced by any

persuasion to dine out more than once on the same day. The most celebrated practitioner added, that he had only to observe these regulations, and that he would speedily recover his energy.

Popanilla never asked a question for a whole week, and Skindeep never knew him more delightful. He not only counted five, but ten, between every word he uttered; and determining that his cure should not be delayed, whenever he had nobody to speak to, he continued counting. In a few days this solitary computation brought on a slow fever.

He now determined to have a consultation between the most eminent physician, and the most celebrated practitioner. It was delightful to witness the meeting of these great men. Not a shade of jealousy dimmed the sunshine of their countenances. After a consultation, they agreed that Popanilla's disorder was neither "liver," nor "nervous," but "mind;" that he had done too much; that he had over-

worked his brain; that he must take more exercise; that he must breathe more air; that he must have relaxation; that he must have change of scene.

"Where shall I go?" was the first question which Popanilla had sent forth for a fortnight, and it was addressed to Skindeep.

"Really, your Excellency, I am the last man in the world to answer questions; but the place which is generally frequented by us when we are suffering from your complaint, is Blunderland."

"Well, then, to Blunderland let us go!"

Shortly before Popanilla's illness, he had been elected a member of the Vraibleusian Horticultural Society, and one evening he had endeavoured to amuse himself by reading the following CHAPTER ON FRUIT.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT a taste for Fruit is inherent in man, is an opinion which is sanctioned by the conduct of man in all ages and in all countries. While some nations have considered it profanation, or pollution, to nourish themselves with flesh, or solace themselves with fish; while almost every member of the animal creation has in turn been considered either sacred or unclean—mankind, in all climes, and in all countries, the Hindoo and the Hebrew, the Egyptian and the Greek, the Roman and the Frank, have, in some degree, made good their boastful claim to reason, by universally feeding upon those delightful productions of Nature which are nourished

with the dews of heaven, and which live for ever in its breath.

And, indeed, when we consider how exceedingly refreshing at all times is the flavour of fruit; how very natural, and, in a manner, born in him, is man's inclination for it; how little it is calculated to pall upon his senses; and how conducive, when not eaten to excess, it is to his health, as well as to his pleasure; we must not be surprised that a conviction of its excellence should have been one of those few subjects on which men have never disagreed.

That some countries are more favoured in their fruit than others, is a fact so notorious that its notice is unnecessary; but we are not therefore to suppose that their appetite for it is more keen than the appetite of other nations for their fruit, who live in less genial climes. Indeed, if we were not led to believe that all nations are inspired by an equal love for this production, it might occasionally be suspected that some of those nations, who are least skilful

as horticulturists, evince a greater passion for their inferior growths, than more fortunate people for their choicer produce. The effects of bad fruit, however, upon the constitution, and consequently upon the national character, are so injurious, that every liberal man must regret that any people, either from ignorance or obligation, should be forced to have recourse to any thing so fatal; and must feel that it is the duty of every one, who professes to be a philanthropist, to propagate and encourage a taste for good fruit throughout all countries of the globe.

A vast number of centuries before Popanilla had the fortune to lose his mistress's lock of hair, and consequently to become an ambassador to Vraibleusia, the inhabitants of that Island, then scarcely more civilized than their new allies of Fantaisie were at present, suffered very considerably from the trash which they devoured, from that innate taste for fruit already noticed. In fact, although there are an-

tiquaries who pretend that the Vraibleusians possessed some of the species of wild plums and apples, even at that early period, the majority of inquirers are disposed to believe, that their desserts were solely confined to the wildest berries, horse-chesnuts, and acorns.

A tradition runs, that while they were committing these abominations, a ship, one of the first ships that had ever touched at the Island, arrived at the present port of Hubbabub, then a spacious and shipless bay. The master of the vessel, on being brought before the King (for the story I am recording happened long before the construction of the miraculous Statue), presented, with his right hand, to his Majesty a small pyramidal substance of a golden hue, which seemed to spring out of green and purple leaves. His Majesty did not exactly understand the intention of this ceremony, but of course, like a true legitimate, construed it into a symbol of homage. No sooner had the King brought the unknown substance near to

his eyes, with the intention of scrutinizing its nature, than the fragrance was so delightful, that by mistake he applied it to his mouth. The King only took one mouthful, and then, with a cry of rapture, instantly handed the delicacy to his favourite, who, to the great mortification of the Secretary of State, finished it. The Stranger, however, immediately supplied the surrounding courtiers, from a basket which was slung on his left arm; and no sooner had they all tasted his gift, than they fell upon their knees to worship him; vowing that the distributor of such delight must be more than man. If this avowal be considered very absurd and very extraordinary in this present age of philosophy, we must not forget to make due allowance for the palates of individuals, who, having been so long accustomed merely to horse-chesnuts and acorns, suddenly, for the first time in their lives, tasted—Pine-apple.

The Stranger, with an air of great humility, disclaimed their proffered adoration, and told

them, that far from being superior to common mortals, he was, on the contrary, one of the lowliest of the human race—in fact, he did not wish to conceal it—in spite of his vessel and his attendants, he was merely a market-gardener on a great scale. This beautiful fruit he had recently discovered in the East, to which quarter of the world he annually travelled in order to obtain a sufficient quantity to supply the great Western hemisphere, of which he himself was a native. Accident had driven him with one of his ships into the Island of Vraibleusia, and as the Islanders appeared to be pleased with his cargo, he said that he should have great pleasure in supplying them at present, and receiving their orders for the future.

The proposition was greeted with enthusiasm. The King immediately entered into a contract with the market-gardener on his own terms. The sale, or cultivation, or even the eating of all other fruits, was declared high-treason; and Pine-apple, for weighty reasons duly recited in

the royal proclamation, announced as the established fruit of the realm. The cargo, under the superintendence of some of the most trusty of the crew, was unshipped for the immediate supply of the Island; and the merchant and his customers parted, mutually delighted, and mutually profited.

Time flew on. The civilization of Vraibleúsia was progressive, as civilization always is; and the taste for pine-apples ever on the increase, as the taste for pine-apples ever should be. The supply was regular and excellent, the prices reasonable, and the tradesmen civil. They, of course, had not failed to advance in fair proportion with the national prosperity. Their numbers had much increased as well as their customers. Fresh agents arrived with every fresh cargo. They had long quitted the stalls, with which they had been contented on their first settlement in the Island, and now were the dapper owners of neat depôts in all

parts of the kingdom, where depôts could find customers.

A few more centuries, and affairs began to change. All that I have related as matter of fact, and which certainly is not better authenticated than many other things that happened two or three thousand years ago—which, however, the most sceptical will not presume to maintain did not take place—was treated as the most idle and ridiculous fable, by the dealers in pine-apples themselves. They said, that they knew nothing about a market-gardener; that they were, and had always been, the subjects of the greatest Prince in the world, compared with whom, all other crowned heads ranked merely as subjects did with their immediate sovereigns. This prince, they said, lived in the most delicious region in the world, and the fruit which they imported could only be procured from his private gardens, where it sprung from one of the trees that had bloomed in the gardens of

the Hesperides. The Vraibleusians were at first a little surprised at this information, but the old tradition of the market-gardener was certainly a very improbable one; and the excellence of the fruit, and the importance assumed by those who supplied it, were deemed exceedingly good evidence of the truth of the present story. When the dealers had repeated their new tale for a certain number of years, there was not an individual in the Island, who, in the slightest degree suspected its veracity. One more century, and no person had ever heard that any suspicions had ever existed.

The immediate agents of the Prince of the World, could, of course, be no common personages; and the servants of the gardener, who some centuries before had meekly disclaimed the proffered reverence of his delighted customers, now insisted upon constant adoration from every eater of pine-apples in the Island. In spite, however, of the arrogance of the dealers, of their refusal to be responsible to the

laws of the country in which they lived, and of the universal precedence which, on all occasions, was claimed even by the shop-boys, so decided was the taste which the Vraibleusians had acquired for pine-apples, that there is little doubt, that had the dealers in this delicious fruit been contented with the respect and influence and profit which were the consequences of their vocation, the Vraibleusians would never have presumed to have grumbled at their arrogance, or to have questioned their privileges. But the agents, wearied of the limited sphere to which their exertions were confined, and encouraged by the success which every new claim and pretence on their part invariably experienced, began to evince an inclination to interfere in other affairs besides those of fruit; and even expressed their willingness to undertake no less an office than the Management of the Statue.

A century or two were solely occupied by conflicts occasioned by the unreasonable ambition of these dealers in pine-apples. Such

great political effects could be produced by men apparently so unconnected with politics as market-gardeners! Ever supported by the lower ranks, whom they supplied with fruit of the most exquisite flavour without charge, they were, for a long time, often the successful opponents, always the formidable adversaries, of the Vraibleusian aristocracy; who were the objects of their envy, and the victims of their rapaciousness. The Government at last, by a vigorous effort, triumphed. In spite of the wishes of the majority of the nation, the whole of the dealers were one day expelled the Island, and the Managers of the Statue immediately took possession of their establishments.

By distributing the stock of fruit which was on hand very liberally, the Government, for a short time, reconciled the people to the change; but as their warehouses became daily more empty, they were daily reminded, that unless some system were soon adopted, the Islanders must be deprived of a luxury to which they

had been so long accustomed, that its indulgence had, in fact, become a second nature. No one of the managers had the hardihood to propose a recurrence to horse-chesnuts. Pride and Fear alike forbad a return to their old purveyor. Other fruits there were, which, in spite of the contract with the market-gardener, had at various times been secretly introduced into the Island; but they had never greatly flourished, and the Statue was loth to recommend to the notice of his subjects, productions —an indulgence in which, through the instigation of the recently expelled agents—it had so often denounced as detrimental to the health, and had so often discouraged by the severest punishments.

At this difficult and delicate crisis, when even expedients seemed exhausted and statesmen were at fault, the genius of an individual offered a substitute. An inventive mind discovered the power of propagating suckers. The expelled dealers had either been ignorant

of this power, or had concealed their knowledge of it. They ever maintained that it was impossible for pine-apples to grow except in one spot, and that the whole earth must be supplied from the gardens of the Palace of the Prince of the World. Now the Vraibleusians were flattered with the patriotic fancy of eating pine-apples of a home-growth; and the blessed fortune of that nation, which did not depend for their supply of fruit upon a foreign country, was eagerly expatiated on. Secure from extortion, and independent of caprice, the Vraibleusians were no longer to be insulted by the presence of foreigners; who, while they violated their laws with impunity, referred the Vraibleusians, when injured and complaining, to a foreign master.

No doubt this appeal to the patriotism, and the common sense, and the vanity, of the nation, would have been exceedingly successful, had not the produce of the suckers been both inferior in size and deficient in flavour. The

Vraibleusians tasted and shook their heads. The supply, too, was as imperfect as the article; for the Government gardeners were but sorry horticulturists, and were ever making experiments and alterations in their modes of culture. The article was scarce, though the law had decreed it universal; and the Vraibleusians were obliged to feed upon fruit, which they considered at the same time both poor and expensive. They protested as strongly against the present system, as its promulgators had protested against the former one; and they revenged themselves for their grievances by breaking the shop-windows.

As any result was preferable in the view of the Statue, to the re-introduction of foreign fruit and foreign agents; and as the Managers considered it highly important that an indissoluble connexion should in future exist between the Government and so influential and profitable a branch of trade, they determined to adopt the most vigorous measures to infuse a

taste for suckers in the discontented populace. But the eating of fruit being clearly a matter of taste, it is evidently a habit which should rather be encouraged by a plentiful supply of exquisite produce, than enforced by the introduction of burning and bayonets. The consequences of the strong measures of the Government were, universal discontent and partial rebellion. The Islanders, foolishly ascribing the miseries which they endured, not so much to the folly of the Government, as to the particular fruit through which the dissensions had originated, began to entertain a disgust for pine-apples altogether, and to sicken at the very mention of that production which had once occasioned them so much pleasure, and which had once commanded such decided admiration. They universally agreed, that there were many other fruits in the world besides Pine-apple, which had been too long neglected. One dilated on the rich flavour of Melon; another panegyrised Pumpkin, and of-

fered to make up by quantity for any slight deficiency in gôut: Cherries were not without their advocates: Strawberries were not forgotten. One maintained that the Fig had evidently been pointed out for the established fruit of all countries; while another asked, with a reeling eye, whether they need go far to seek, when a God had condescended to preside over the Grape! In short, there was not a Fruit which flourishes that did not find its votaries. Strange to say, another foreign product, imported from a neighbouring country famous for its barrenness, counted the most; and the fruit faction, which chiefly frightened the Vraibleusian Government, was an acid set, who crammed themselves with Crab-apples.

It was this party which first seriously and practically conceived the idea of utterly abolishing the ancient custom of eating pine-apples. While they themselves professed to devour no other fruit save crabs, they at the same time preached the doctrine of an universal fruit

toleration, which they showed would be the necessary and natural consequence of the destruction of the old monopoly. Influenced by these representations, the great body of the people openly joined the Crab-apple men in their open attacks. The minority, who still retained a taste for pines, did not yield without an arduous though ineffectual struggle. During the riots occasioned by this rebellion, the hall of audience was broken open, and the miraculous Statue, which was reputed to have a great passion for pine-apples, dashed to the ground. The Managers were either slain, or disappeared. The whole affairs of the kingdom were conducted by a body called "the Fruit Committee;" and thus a total revolution of the Government of Vraibleusia was occasioned by the prohibition of foreign pine-apples. What an argument in favour of free trade!

Every fruit, except that one which had so recently been supported by the influence of autho-

rity and the terrors of law, might now be seen and devoured in the streets of Hubbabub. In one corner men were sucking oranges, as if they had lived their whole lives on salt: in another, stuffing pumpkin, like cannibals at their first child. Here one took in at a mouthful a bunch of grapes, from which might have been pressed a good quart. Another was lying on the ground from a surfeit of mulberries. The effect of this irrational excess will be conceived by the judicious reader. Calcutta itself never suffered from a cholera morbus half so fearful. Thousands were dying. Were I Thucydides or Boccaccio, I would write pages on this plague. The commonwealth itself must soon have yielded its ghost, for all order had ceased throughout the Island, ever since they had deserted pine-apples. There was no Government: anarchy alone was perfect. Of the Fruit Committee, many of the members were dead, or dying, and the rest were robbing orchards.

At this moment of disorganization and dis-

may, a stout soldier, one of the crab-apple faction, who had possessed sufficient command over himself, in spite of the seeming voracity of his appetite, not to indulge to a dangerous excess, made his way one morning into the old Hall of audience, and there groping about, succeeded in finding the golden head of the Statue; which placing on the hilt of his sword, the point of which he had stuck in the pedestal, he announced to the city, that he had discovered the secret of conversing with this wonderful piece of mechanism; and that in future, he would take care of the health and fortune of the State.

There were some who thought it rather strange that the head-piece should possess the power of resuming its old functions, although deprived of the aid of the body which contained the greater portion of the machinery. As it was evidently well supported by the sword, they were not surprised that it should stand without the use of its legs. But the stout soldier was

the only one in the Island who enjoyed the blessing of health. He was fresh, vigorous, and vigilant; they, exhausted, weak, and careless of every thing except cure. He soon took measures for the prevention of future mischief, and for the cure of present; and when his fellow-Islanders had recovered, some were grateful, others fearful, and all obedient.

As long as the stout soldier lived, no dissensions on the subject of fruit ever broke out. Although he himself never interfered in the sale of the article, and never attempted to create another monopoly, still, by his influence and authority, he prevented any excess being occasioned by the Fruit toleration which was enjoyed. Indeed the Vraibleusians themselves had suffered so severely from their late indiscretions, that such excesses were not likely again to occur. People began to discover that it was not quite so easy a thing as they had imagined for every man to be his own Fruiterer; and that gardening was a craft, which, like others, required great

study, long practice, and early experience. Unable to supply themselves, the majority became the victims of quack traders. They sickened of spongy apricots, and fozy pears, and withered plums, and blighted apples, and tasteless berries. They at length suspected that a nation might fare better if its race of fruiterers were overseen and supported by the State,—if their skill and their market were alike secured. Although no longer being tempted to suffer from a surfeit, the health of the Islanders had consequently recovered—this was, after all, but a negative blessing; and they sadly missed a luxury once so reasonable and so refreshing. They sighed for an established fruit, and a protected race of cultivators. But the stout soldier was so sworn an enemy to any Government Fruit, and so decided an admirer of the least delightful, that the people, having no desire of being forced to eat crab-apples, only longed for more delicious food in silence.

At length the stout soldier died, and on the

night of his death the sword, which had so long supported the pretended Government, snapped in twain. No arrangement existed for carrying on the administration of affairs. The master-mind was gone, without having imparted the secret of conversing with the golden head to any successor. The people assembled in agitated crowds. Each knew his neighbour's thoughts without their being declared. All smacked their lips, and a cry for pine-apples rent the skies.

At this moment the Aboriginal Inhabitant appeared, and announced, that in examining the old Hall of Audience, which had been long locked up, he had discovered in a corner where they had been flung by the stout soldier when he stole away the head, the remaining portions of the Statue; that they were quite uninjured, and that on fixing the head once more upon them, and winding up the works, he was delighted to find that this great work of his ancestor, under whose superintendence the nation

had so flourished, resumed all its ancient functions. The people were in a state of mind for a miracle, and they hailed the joyful wonder with shouts of triumph. The Statue was placed under the provisional care of the Aboriginal. All arrangements for its superintendence were left to his discretion; and its advice was instantly to be taken upon that subject, which at present was nearest the people's hearts.

But that subject was encompassed with difficulties. Pine-apples could only be again procured by an application to the Prince of the World, whose connexion they had rejected; and by an introduction into the Island of those foreign agents, who, now convinced that the Vraibleusians could not exist without their presence, would be more arrogant and ambitious and turbulent than ever. Indeed the Aboriginal feared that the management of the Statue would be the *sine qua non* of negotiation with the Prince. If this were granted, it was clear that Vraibleusia must in future only rank as a dependent

state of a foreign power, since the direction of the whole Island would actually be at the will of the supplier of pine-apples. Ah! this mysterious taste for fruit! In politics it has often occasioned infinite embarrassment.

At this critical moment the Aboriginal received information, that although the eating of pine-apples had been utterly abolished, and although it was generally supposed that a specimen of this fruit had long ceased to exist in the country, nevertheless a body of persons, chiefly consisting of the descendants of the Government gardeners, who had succeeded the foreign agents, and who had never lost their taste for this pre-eminent fruit, had long been in the habit of secretly raising, for their private eating, pine-apples from the produce of those suckers which had originally excited such odium, and occasioned such misfortunes. Long practice, they said, and infinite study, had so perfected them in this art, that they now succeeded in producing pine-apples, which, both

for size and flavour, were not inferior to the boasted produce of a foreign clime. Their specimens verified their assertion, and the whole nation were invited to an instant trial. The long interval which had elapsed since any man had enjoyed a treat so agreeable, lent, perhaps, an additional flavour to that which was really excellent; and so enraptured and enthusiastic were the great majority of the people, that the propagators of suckers would have had no difficulty, had they pushed the point, of procuring as favourable and exclusive a contract, as the market gardener of ancient days.

But the Aboriginal and his advisers were wisely mindful, that the passions of a people are not arguments for legislation; and they felt conscious that when the first enthusiasm had subsided, and when their appetites were somewhat satisfied, the discontented voices of many who had been long used to other fruits, would be recognized even amidst the shouts of the majority. They therefore greatly qualified the con-

tract between the nation and the present fruiterers. An universal Toleration of Fruit was allowed; but no man was to take office under Government, or enter the services, or in any way become connected with the Court, who was not supplied from the Government depôts.

Since this happy restoration, Pine-apple has remained the established fruit of the Island of Vraibleusia; and, it must be confessed, has been found wonderfully conducive to the health and happiness of the Islanders. Some sectarians still remain obstinate, or tasteless enough, to prefer pumpkin, or gorge the most acid apples, or chew the commonest pears; but they form a slight minority, which will gradually altogether disappear. The votaries of Pine-apple pretend to observe the characteristic effect which such food produces upon the feeders. They denounce them as stupid, sour, and vulgar.

But while, notwithstanding an universal toleration, such an unanimity of taste apparently prevails throughout the Island, as if Fruit were

a subject of such peculiar nicety, that difference of opinion must necessarily rise among men, great Fruit factions even now prevail in Vraibleusia; and what is more extraordinary, prevail even among the admirers of pine-apples themselves. Of these, the most important is a sect which professes to discover a natural deficiency, not only in all other fruits, but even in the finest pine-apples. Fruit, they maintain, should never be eaten in the state in which Nature yields it to man; and they consequently are very indefatigable in prevailing upon the less discriminating part of mankind, to heighten the flavour of their pine-apples with ginger, or even with pepper. Although they profess to adopt these stimulants from the great admiration which they entertain for a high flavour, there are, nevertheless, some less ardent people, who suspect, that they rather have recourse to them from the weakness of their digestion.

CHAPTER XVI.

As his Excellency Prince Popanilla really could not think of being annoyed by the attentions of the mob during his visit to Blunderland, he travelled quite in a quiet way, under the name of the Chevalier de Fantaisie; and was accompanied only by Skindeep and two attendants. As Blunderland was one of the islands of the Vraibleusian Archipelago, they arrived there after the sail of a few hours.

The country was so beautiful, that the Chevalier was almost reminded of Fantaisie. Green meadows and flourishing trees made him remember the rail-roads and canals of Vraibleusia without regret, or with disgust, which is much

the same. The women were angelic, which is the highest praise; and the men the most light-hearted, merry, obliging, entertaining fellows, that he had met with in the whole course of his life. Och! it was delicious!

After an hour's dashing drive, he arrived at a city which, had he not seen Hubbabub, he should have considered one of the most considerable in the world; but compared with the Vraibleusian capital it was a street.

Shortly after his arrival, according to the custom of the place, Popanilla joined the public-table of his hotel at dinner. He was rather surprised, that instead of knives and forks being laid for the convenience of the guests, the plates were flanked by daggers and pistols. As Popanilla now made it a point of never asking a question of Skindeep, he addressed himself for information to his other neighbour, one of the civilest, most hospitable, and joyous rogues, that ever set the table in a roar. On Popanilla inquiring the reason of their using these singu-

lar instruments, his neighbour, with an air of great astonishment, confessed his ignorance of any people ever using any other; and, in his turn asked how they could possibly eat their dinner without. The Chevalier was puzzled, but he was now too well bred ever to pursue an inquiry.

Popanilla being very thirsty, helped himself to a goblet of water, which was at hand. It was the most delightful water that he ever tasted. In a few minutes, he found that he was a little dizzy, and supposing this megrim to be occasioned by the heat of the room, he took another draught of water to recover himself.

As his neighbour was telling him a very excellent joke, a man entered the room, and shot the joker through the head. The opposite guest immediately charged his pistol with effect, and revenged the loss. A party of men, well armed, now rushed in, and a brisk conflict immediately ensued. Popanilla, who was very

dizzy, was fortunately pushed under the table. When the firing and slashing had ceased, he ventured to crawl out. He found that the assailants had been beaten off, though unfortunately with the total loss of all the guests, who lay lifeless about the room. Even the prudent Skindeep, who had sought refuge in a closet, had lost his nose, which was a pity; because, although this gentleman had never been in Blunderland before, he had passed his whole life in maintaining that the accounts of the disturbances in that country were greatly exaggerated. Popanilla rang the bell, and the waiters, who were remarkably attentive, swept away the dead bodies, and brought him a roasted potatoe for supper.

The Chevalier soon retired to rest. He found at the side of his bed, a blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a pike; and he was directed to secure the door of his chamber with a great chain and a massy iron bar. Feeling great confidence in his securities, although he was quite igno-

rant of the cause of alarm, and very much exhausted with the bustle of the day, he enjoyed sounder sleep than had refreshed him for many weeks. He was awakened in the middle of the night by a loud knocking at his door. He immediately seized his blunderbuss, but recognizing the voice of his own valet, he only took his pike. His valet told him to unbar without loss of time, for the house had been set on fire. Popanilla immediately made his escape, but found himself surrounded by the incendiaries. He gave himself up for lost, when a sudden charge of cavalry brought him off in triumph. He was convinced of the utility of light-horse.

The military had arrived with such despatch, that the fire was the least effective that had wakened the house for the whole week. It was soon extinguished, and Popanilla again retired to his bed-room, not forgetting his bar and his chain.

In the morning, Popanilla was roused by his landlord, who told him that a large party was

about to partake of the pleasures of the chace, and most politely inquired whether he would like to join them. Popanilla assented, and after having eaten an excellent breakfast, and received a favourable bulletin of Skindeep's wound, he mounted his horse. The party was numerous and well armed. Popanilla inquired of a huntsman what sport they generally followed in Blunderland. According to the custom of this country, where they never give a direct answer, the huntsman said that he did not know that there was any other but one sport. Popanilla thought him a brute, and dug his spurs into his horse.

They went off at a fine rate, and the exercise was most exhilarating. In a short time, as they were cantering along a defile, they received a sharp fire from each side, which rather reduced their numbers; but they revenged themselves for this loss, when they regained the plain, where they burnt two villages, slew two or three hundred head of women, and bagged children

without number. On their return home to dinner, they chased a small body of men over a heath for nearly two hours, who afforded good sport; but they did not succeed in running them down, as they themselves were in turn chased by another party. Altogether, the day was not deficient in interest; and Popanilla found in the evening his powers of digestion improved.

After passing his days in this manner for about a fortnight, Popanilla perfectly recovered from his dyspepsia; and Skindeep's wound having now healed, he retired with regret from this healthy climate. He took advantage of the leisure moment, which was afforded during the sail, to inquire the reason of the disturbed state of this interesting country. He was told, that it was in consequence of the majority of the inhabitants persisting in importing their own Pine-apples.

CHAPTER XVII.

On his return to Hubbabub, the Chevalier de Fantaisie found the city in the greatest confusion. The military were marshalled in all directions—the streets were lined with field-pieces—no one was abroad—all the shops were shut. Although not a single vehicle was visible, Popanilla's progress was slow, from the quantity of shells of all kinds which choked up the public way. When he arrived at his hotel, he found that all the windows were broken. He entered, and his landlord immediately presented him with his bill. As the landlord was pressing, and as Popanilla wished for an opportunity of showing his confidence in Skindeep's

friendship, he requested him to pay the amount. Skindeep sent a messenger immediately to his banker; deeming an ambassador almost as good security as a nation, which we all know to be the very best.

This little arrangement being concluded, the landlord resumed his usual civility. He informed the travellers, that the whole Island was in a state of the greatest commotion, and that martial law universally prevailed. He said that this disturbance was occasioned by the return of the expedition destined to the Isle of Fantaisie. It appeared, from his account, that after sailing about from New Guinea to New Holland, the expedition had been utterly unable not only to reach their new customers, but even to obtain the slightest intelligence of their locality. No such place as Fantaisie was known at Ceylon. Sumatra gave information equally unsatisfactory. Java shook its head. Celebes conceived the inquirers were jesting. The Philippine Isles offered to accommodate them with

spices, but could assist them in no other way. Had it not been too hot at Borneo, they would have fairly laughed outright. The Maldives and the Moluccas, the Laccadives and the Andamans, were nearly as impertinent. The five hundred ships, and the judiciously assorted cargo, were therefore under the necessity of returning home.

No sooner, however, had they reached Vraibleusia, than the markets were immediately glutted with the unsold goods. All the manufacturers, who had been working day and night in preparing for the next expedition, were instantly thrown out of employ. A run commenced on the Government Bank. That institution perceived too late, that the issues of pink shells had been too unrestricted. As the Emperor of the East had all the gold, the Government Bank only protected itself from failure by bayoneting its creditors. The manufacturers, who were starving, consoled them-

selves for the absence of food, by breaking all the windows in the country with the discarded shells. Every tradesman failed. The shipping-interest advertised two or three fleets for fire-wood. Riots were universal. The Aboriginal was attacked on all sides, and made so stout a resistance, and broke so many cudgels on the backs of his assailants, that it was supposed he would be finally exhausted by his own exertions. The public funds sunk ten per cent. daily. All the Millionaires crashed. In a word, dismay, disorganization, despair, pervaded in all directions, the wisest, the greatest, and the richest nation in the world. The master of the hotel added, with an air of becoming embarrassment, that had not his Excellency been fortunately absent, he probably would not have had the pleasure of detailing to him this little narrative; that he had often been inquired for by the populace at his old balcony; and that a crowd had perpetually

surrounded the house till within the last day, when a report had got about that his Excellency had turned into steam and disappeared. He added, that caricatures of his Highness might be procured in any shop, and his account of his voyage obtained at less than half-price.

"Ah!" said Popanilla, in a tone of great anguish, "and all this from losing a lock of hair!"

At this moment, the messenger whom Skindeep had despatched, returned, and informed him with great regret, that his banker, to whom he had entrusted his whole fortune, had been so unlucky as to stop payment during his absence. It was expected, however, that when his stud was sold, a respectable dividend might be realized. This was the personage of prepossessing appearance, who had presented Popanilla with a perpetual ticket to his picture-gallery. On examining the banker's accounts, it was discovered, that his chief loss had been

incurred by supporting that competition establishment, where purses were bought full of crowns.

In spite of his own misfortunes, Popanilla hastened to console his friend. He explained to him, that things were not quite so bad as they appeared; that society consisted of two classes—those who laboured, and those who paid the labourers—that each class was equally useful, because, if there were none to pay, the labourers would not be remunerated; and if there were none to labour, the payers would not be accommodated: that Skindeep might still rank in one of these classes; that he might therefore still be an useful member of society; that if he were useful, he must therefore be good; and that, if he were good, he must therefore be happy; because Happiness is the consequence of assisting the beneficial developement of the ameliorating principles of the social action.

As he was speaking, two gentlemen in blue, with red waistcoats, entered the chamber, and seized Popanilla by the collar. The Vraibleusian Government, which is so famous for its interpretation of National Law, had arrested the Ambassador for high-treason.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Prison conveyed the most lugubrious ideas to the mind of the unhappy Plenipotentiary; and shut up in a hackney-coach, with a man on each side of him with a cocked pistol, he formed the most gloomy conceptions of dark dungeons, confined cells, overwhelming fetters, black bread, and green water. He arrived at the principal gaol in Hubbabub. He was ushered into an elegantly furnished apartment, with French sash windows and a piano. Its lofty walls were entirely hung with a fanciful paper, which represented a Tuscan vineyard; the ceiling was covered with sky and clouds; roses were in abundance; and the windows,

though well secured, excited no jarring associations in the mind of the individual they illumined, protected, as they were, by polished bars of cut-steel. This retreat had been fitted up by a poetical politician, who had recently been confined for declaring, that the Statue was an old idol, originally imported from the Sandwich Isles. Taking up a brilliantly bound volume, which reposed upon a rose-wood table, Popanilla recited aloud a sonnet to Liberty; but the account given of the goddess by the bard was so confused, and he seemed so little acquainted with his subject, that the reader began to suspect it was an effusion of the gaoler.

Next to being a Plenipotentiary, Popanilla preferred being a prisoner. His daily meals consisted of every delicacy in season: a marble bath was ever at his service; a billiard-room and dumb-bells always ready; and his old friends, the most eminent physician, and the most celebrated practitioner in Hubbabub, called upon him daily to feel his pulse and

look at his tongue. These attentions authorised a hope that he might yet again be an Ambassador; that his native land might still be discovered, and its resources still be developed: but when his gaoler told him, that the rest of the prisoners were treated in a manner equally indulgent, because the Vraibleusians are the most humane people in the world, Popanilla's spirits became somewhat depressed.

He was greatly consoled, however, by a daily visit from a body of the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and the most virtuous females in Hubbabub; who tasted his food to see that his cook did his duty, recommended him a plentiful use of pine-apple well peppered, and made him a present of a very handsome shirt, with worked frills and ruffles, to be hanged in. This enchanting committee generally confined their attentions to murderers, and other victims of the passions, who were deserted in their hour of need by the rest of the society they had outraged; but Popanilla

being a foreigner, a Prince, and a Plenipotentiary, and not ill-looking, naturally attracted a great deal of notice from those who desire the amelioration of their species.

Popanilla was so pleased with his mode of life, and had acquired such a taste for poetry, pine apples, and pepper, since he had ceased to be an active member of society, that he applied to have his trial postponed, on the ground of the prejudice which had been excited against him by the public press. As his trial was at present inconvenient to the Government, the postponement was allowed on these grounds.

In the meantime, the public agitation was subsiding. The nation reconciled itself to the revolution in its fortunes. The ci-devant Millionaires were busied with retrenchment; the Government engaged in sweeping in as many pink shells as were lying about the country; the mechanics contrived to live upon chalk and sea-weed; and as the Aboriginal would not give his corn away gratis, the Vraibleusians

determined to give up bread. The intellectual part of the nation were intently interested in discovering the cause of the National Distress. One of the philosophers said, that it might all be traced to the effects of a war in which the Vraibleusians had engaged about a century before. Another showed, that it was altogether clearly ascribable to the pernicious custom of issuing pink shells; but if, instead of this mode of representing wealth, they had had recourse to blue shells, the nation would now have advanced to a state of prosperity, which it had never yet reached. A third, demonstrated to the satisfaction of himself and his immediate circle, that it was all owing to the Statue having recently been repaired with silver instead of iron. The public was unable to decide between these conflicting opinions; but they were still more desirous of finding out a remedy for the evil, than the cause of it.

An eloquent and philosophical writer, who entertains very consolatory opinions of human

nature, has recently told us, that "it is in the nature of things that the intellectual wants of society should be supplied. Whenever the man is required—invariably the man will appear." So it happened in the present instance. A public instructor jumped up in the person of Mr. Flummery Flam—the least insinuating and the least plausible personage that ever performed the easy task of gulling a nation. His manners were vulgar, his voice was sharp, and his language almost unintelligible. Flummery Flam was a provisional optimist. He maintained that every thing would be for the best, if the nation would only follow his advice. He told the Vraibleusians, that the present universal and overwhelming distress was all and entirely and merely to be ascribed to "a slight overtrading," and that all that was required to set every thing right again was "a little time." He showed that this overtrading and every other injudicious act that had ever been committed, was entirely to be ascribed to the nation

being imbued with erroneous and imperfect ideas of the nature of Demand and Supply. He proved to them, that if a tradesman cannot find customers, his goods will generally stay upon his own hands. He explained to the Aboriginal the meaning of *rent;* to the mechanics the nature of *wages;* to the manufacturers the signification of *profits.* He recommended that a large edition of his own work should be printed at the public expense, and sold for his private profit. Finally, he explained how an immediate, though temporary, relief would be afforded to the State, by the encouragement of EMIGRATION.

The Vraibleusians began to recover their spirits. The Government had the highest confidence in Flummery Flam, because Flummery Flam served to divert the public thoughts. By his direction, lectures were instituted at the corner of every street, to instil the right principles of politics into the mind of the great body of the people. Every person from the

Managers of the Statue down to the chalk-chewing mechanics, attended lectures on Flummery-Flammism. The Vraibleusians suddenly discovered, that it was the great object of a nation not to be the most powerful, or the richest, or the best, or the wisest, but to be the most Flummery-Flammistical.

CHAPTER XIX.

The day fixed for Popanilla's trial was at hand. The Prince was not unprepared for the meeting. For some weeks before the appointed day, he had been deeply studying the published speeches of the greatest rhetorician that flourished at the Vraibleusian bar. He was so inflated with their style, that he nearly blew down the gaoler every morning when he rehearsed a passage before him. Indeed, Popanilla looked forward to his trial with feelings of anticipated triumph. He determined boldly and fearlessly to state the principles upon which his public conduct had been founded, the sentiments he professed on most of the

important subjects which interest mankind, and the views he entertained of the progress of Society. He would then describe, in the most glowing language, the domestic happiness which he enjoyed in his native Isle. He would paint in harrowing sentences, the eternal misery and disgrace which his ignominious execution would entail upon the grey-headed father, who looked up to him as a prop for his old age—the affectionate mother who perceived in him her husband again a youth—the devoted wife, who could never survive his loss—and the sixteen children, chiefly girls, whom his death would infallibly send upon the parish. This, with an eulogistic peroration on the moral qualities of the Vraibleusians, and the political importance of Vraibleusia, would, he had no doubt, not only save his neck, but even gain him a moderate pension.

The day arrived, the Court was crowded, and Popanilla had the satisfaction of observing in the newspapers, that tickets for the best

gallery to witness his execution, were selling at a premium. The indictment was read. He listened to it with intense attention. To his surprise, he found himself accused of stealing two hundred and nineteen Camelopards. All was now explained. He perceived that he had been mistaken the whole of this time for another person. He could not contain himself. He burst into an exclamation. He told the judge, in a voice of mingled delight, humility, and triumph, that it was possible he might be guilty of high-treason, because he was ignorant of what the crime consisted—but as for stealing two hundred and nineteen Camelopards, he declared that such a larceny was a moral impossibility, because he had never seen one such animal in the whole course of his life.

The Judge was most kind and considerate. He told the prisoner, that the charge of stealing Camelopards was a fiction of law; that he had no doubt he had never seen one in the whole

course of his life, nor in all probability had any one in the whole Court. He explained to Popanilla, that originally, this animal greatly abounded in Vraibleusia; that the present Court, the highest and most ancient in the kingdom, had then been instituted for the punishment of all those who molested or injured that splendid animal. The species, his Lordship continued, had been long extinct; but the Vraibleusians, duly reverencing the institutions of their ancestors, had never presumed to abrogate the authority of the Camelopard Court, or invest any other with equal privileges. Therefore, his Lordship added, in order to try you in this Court for a modern offence of high treason, you must first be introduced by fiction of law as a stealer of Camelopards, and then being *in præsenti regio*, in a manner, we proceed to business by a special power for the absolute offence. Popanilla was so confounded by the kindness of the Judge,

and the clearness of his Lordship's statement, that he quite lost the thread of his peroration.

The trial proceeded. Every body with whom Popanilla had conversed during his visit to Vraibleusia was subpœned against him, and the evidence was conclusive. Skindeep, who was brought up by a warrant from the King's Bench, proved the fact of Popanilla's landing; and that he had given himself out as a political exile, the victim of a tyrant, a corrupt aristocracy, and a misguided people. But either from a secret feeling towards his former friend, or from his aversion to answer questions, this evidence was on the whole not very satisfactory.

The bookseller proved the publication of that fatal volume, whose deceptive and glowing statements were alone sufficient to ensure Popanilla's fate. It was in vain that the author avowed that he had never written a line of his own book. This only made his imposture

more evident. The little philosopher, with whom he had conversed at Lady Spirituelle's, and who, being a friend of Flummery Flam, had now obtained a place under Government, invented the most condemning evidence. The Marquess of Moustache sent in a state paper, desiring to be excused from giving evidence on account of the delicate situation in which he had been placed with regard to the prisoner; but he referred them to his former Private Secretary, who, he had no doubt, would afford every information. Accordingly, the President of Fort Jobation, who had been brought over specially, finished the business.

The Judge, although his family had suffered considerably by the late madness for speculation, summed up in the most impartial manner. He told the jury, that although the case was quite clear against the prisoner, they were bound to give him the advantage of every reasonable doubt. The foreman was about to deliver the verdict, when a trumpet sounded, and

a Government messenger ran breathless into court. Presenting a scroll to the presiding genius, he informed him that a remarkably able young man, recently appointed one of the Managers of the Statue, in consequence of the inconvenience which the public sustained from the innumerable quantity of edicts of the Statue at present in force, had last night consolidated them all into this single act; which, to render its operation still more simple, was gifted with a retrospective power for the last half century.

His Lordship, looking over the scroll, passed a high eulogium upon the young consolidator; compared to whom, he said, Justinian was a country attorney. Observing, however, that the crime of high treason had been accidentally omitted in the consolidated legislation of Vraibleusia, he directed the jury to find the prisoner "not guilty." As in Vraibleusia the law believes every man's character to be perfectly pure, until a jury of twelve persons finds the reverse,

Popanilla was kicked out of court, amid the hootings of the mob, without a stain upon his reputation.

It was very late in the evening when he left the court. Exhausted both in mind and body, the individual who had recently had the gratification of being declared innocent by the laws of the country in which he lived, at last sunk down nearly senseless upon the steps of the Asiatic Club-house. The smell of mulligatawny soup revived him exceedingly, and being of a reflecting mind, he now discovered the utility of those odours, which before had only inconvenienced him. The mischief being now done, and being totally unemployed, according to custom, Popanilla began to moralize. "I begin to perceive," said he, "that it is possible for a nation to exist in too artificial a state—that a people may both think too much and do too much. All here exists in a state of exaggeration. The nation itself professes to be in a situation in which it is impossible for any na-

tion ever to be naturally placed. To maintain themselves in this false position, they necessarily have recourse to much destructive conduct, and to many fictitious principles. And as the character of a people is modelled on that of their Government, in private life, this system of exaggeration equally prevails, and equally produces a due quantity of ruinous actions, and false sentiment! In the mean time, I am starving, and dare not show my face in the light of day!"

As he said this, the house opposite was suddenly lit up, and the words "EMIGRATION COMMITTEE," were distinctly visible on a transparent blind. A sudden resolution entered Popanilla's mind to make an application to this body. He entered the Committee-room, and took his place at the end of a row of individuals, who were severally examined. When it was his turn to come forward, he began to tell his story from the beginning, and would certainly have got to the lock of hair, had not the Presi-

dent enjoined silence. Popanilla was informed, that the last Emigration-squadron was about to sail in a few minutes; and that although the number was completed, his broad shoulders and powerful frame had gained him a place. He was presented with a spade, a blanket, and a hard biscuit; and in a quarter of an hour was quitting the port of Hubbabub.

"Once more upon the waters—yet once more!"

As the Emigration-squadron quitted the harbour, two large fleets hove in sight. The first was the expedition which had been despatched against the decapitating King of the North, and which now returned, heavily laden with his rescued subjects. The other was the force which had flown to the preservation of the body of the decapitated King of the South, and which now brought back his Majesty embalmed, half a hundred Princes of the blood, and a whole emigrant Aristocracy.

What became of the late Fantaisian Ambas-

sador, whether he were destined for Van Dieman's Land, or for Canada; what rare adventures he experienced in Sydney, or Port Jackson, or Guelph City, or Goodrich Town; and whether he discovered, that man might exist in too natural a state, as well as in too artificial a one; will probably be discovered, if ever we obtain Captain Popanilla's Second Voyage.

THE END.